Better or Worse.

Is a man a bit the better
For his hoard of golden gains,
For his acres and his palace,
If his heart be cold and callous—
Is a man a bit the better?

Is a man a bit the worse
For a brow with marks of care,
Though he claims no lordly rental,
If his heart be kind and gentle—
Is a man a bit the worse?

Allow for the Crawl.

You have often, no doubt, had occasion to note,
Though the garment at first seemed certain to please,
That, after some wearing, the sleeve of your coat
Toward the shoulder was crawling by easy degrees;
And that's what the clothier, of course, had in mind
When he said to the customer, "Long? Not at all.
The sleeve is just right—as you'll presently find—
In cutting a coat we allow for the crawl!"

The expression was one wholly new to me then;
But set me to thinking how we happifies,
Not merely to coats, but to women and men,
In matters of life as they daily arise;
Consider the shrinkage in human affairs—
The promise how great, the performance how small,
And, lest disappointment should come unawares,
Remember the sleeve, and "allow for the crawl!"
The statesman who asks for your ballot to save
Our country, so rashly imperiled to-day,
May covet an office and not be a knave,
Whatever the fierce opposition may say;
But the "platform" to which he so valiantly clings,
By which he proposes to stand or to fall—
"Resolutions," remember, are slippery things,
And in politics always "allow for the crawl!"

You are deeply in love with the sweetest of girls,
Whose presence the height of your happiness brings.
She looks like a queen in her beautiful curls,
Like a seraph she smiles, like a siren she sings!
Ah! splendid and vast are the fancies of youth,
But down to the plain facts they must finally fall;
And happy the couple who, finding the truth,
In conjugal kindness "allow for the crawl!"

In brief, recollect that in human affairs,
In social connections, in travel and trade,
In courtship and marriage, in sermons and prayers,
Some grains of concession must always be made;
In fine, be a prudent though generous man,
Unfriendly to none, and voracious with all;
Believe in your neighbors as much as you can,
But always be sure to "allow for the crawl!"

—*John G. Saxe.*

IN A MIRROR.

"Come, now, Cousin Esther," we three girls clamored, "a real story—one about school-days."

"School-days?" said Cousin Esther, yielding at once, as she always does when we visit her. "Well, sit down, and I'll tell you one I've been thinking a great deal about of late."

We settled ourselves comfortably, and Cousin Esther went on:

"You have often heard me say that when I was about seventeen I went for a year to Miss Lennox's school, at Burtnet. I taught some of the younger scholars and had good instruction myself, and my best friend there was Alice Arthur.

"The day" arrived Miss Lennox asked me to be kind to Alice; she was studying to be a teacher, and her life was peculiarly trying; her widowed mother lived in Boston, and Alice had been compelled to accept a home with a very disagreeable relative in Burtnet while she attended school.

"I loved Alice at once; her manner was so sweet and cordial, and she seemed such a real lady. Though only fifteen, she was taller than I, and I thought I had never seen anything prettier than her bright wavy hair and blue eyes.

"She was poorly dressed, but her manner was so charming that no one ever thought of her dress.

"Our friendship prospered, with but one drawback. A girl named Louisa Bywell insisted upon following us about like a shadow; we never sat down for a quiet talk but we were certain to be interrupted by Louisa.

"She was a thin, awkward girl, inordinately vain, fond of dress, but good-hearted in a sort of way; yet from the moment I appeared to be Alice's friend she seemed foolishly jealous.

"All the girls admitted Alice Arthur to be their superior; she had a certain high courage combined with gentleness, which made her a sort of leader among us, and it was said no one had ever known her to prevaricate or even exaggerate in the smallest degree. Of her home-life she rarely spoke, yet I knew what it was.

"One day a friend of papa's, in Burtnet, a Mrs. Rogers, invited several of us to go down to her pretty house and see some of her daughter's wedding presents and finery.

"Mrs. Rogers was always particularly kind to Alice, who was evidently a great favorite with her. I shall never forget that day. I could not go, on account of teaching, but I saw the party set off, early in the afternoon, in high spirits; Louisa Bywell, Lydia Samson and Mattie Jones, who were boarders, and Alice, who was to go from the Rogers' directly home.

"It was about six o'clock when they returned, and looking out of the school-room window, I knew at once that something unusual had happened. They were talking eagerly and excitedly; Alice's name fell upon my ear, and believing some accident had occurred, I ran out to meet them. 'What is the matter with Alice?' I cried, anxiously.

Louisa's face flushed. 'Always Alice,' she said, resentfully; but Mattie Jones interrupted with—

"'Why, Alice Arthur is a thief! She stole Miss Sallie Rogers' cross and chain.

"I started back as if I had been struck. 'Hush, Mattie!' I exclaimed; 'how can you say such a thing?'

"'But it is true the girl persisted. 'I'll tell you how it was: Miss Sallie showed us her box of trinkets, and there was a filigree gold cross and chain among them. Well, when we were ready to leave, Alice pulled her handkerchief out of her pocket—the inside pocket of her jacket—and the cross fell out.'

"'And yet she declares,' said Louisa, 'she never put it there.'

"'Girls! girls!' I exclaimed, 'do stop talking so loudly; go in to Miss Lennox, do; there is some mistake here.'

"'No,' persisted Louisa, 'for Miss Sallie missed the cross almost directly, and we hunted everywhere, and then it dropped out of her pocket;' and Louisa nodded her head sagely. I could hardly wait to get down to Alice's. Mrs. Lee, her cousin, opened the door for me with a very lofty air.

"'The wretched girl is up stairs, Miss Lang,' she said; 'you can see her, of course.'

"I stopped on the stairs. 'Mrs. Lee!' I exclaimed, 'you are not cruel enough to believe this of your cousin?'

"Mrs. Lee only tossed her head, and I flew up to my poor Alice. She was pacing her little attic room with a white face and a scared, strange expression.

"'Oh, Esther,' she exclaimed, 'this is horrible, horrible!' And then excitedly she told me the story.

"It was the same Mattie had related, but Alice renewed assurances that she could not understand how the cross came to be in her pocket.

"Before the next night twenty versions of the story were circulating in Burtnet, and I do believe Mrs. Lee encouraged them. She had always resented her husband's invitation to Alice, and believed this would afford a good excuse for sending her home.

"Mrs. Rogers tried to stem the tide of public opinion as kindly as possible, but she could not deny facts, and in three days Alice had bidden us a farewell which seemed to me perfectly tragic, for she went away from Burtnet in this cloud of disgrace.

"It was a long time ago, yet I remember as if it were yesterday all the effects of that fortnight; the void Alice's absence caused; our dullness without her cheery voice and gay laugh; Miss Lennox's nervous irritability; the girls' perpetual references to the subject, and conjectures, which Miss Lennox finally silenced by saying in the school-room she wished it understood that she considered Alice Arthur perfectly blameless; that there was some mystery, but that until it was solved she desired all discussion on the subject to cease.

"That same night I was taking tea in Miss Lennox's room, when Dr. Bridge called. The doctor was the healer of all kinds of woes in Burtnet, and his kind face comforted us now.

"He had been out of town a fortnight.

"'I have come to see you, Miss Lennox,' he said, gravely, 'about our young friend, Alice Arthur. She never stole that cross!'

"'Oh, doctor!' we exclaimed together.

"'Now,' said he, sitting down, 'I've just heard of it, and I think I can illuminate the question a little.'

"He smiled knowingly; of course we were feverishly excited at once.

"The doctor continued:

"'You may remember that Milly Rogers' lungs have been troubling her lately. Well, it so happened I was called in to see her the very day those girls were at Mrs. Rogers'. Now, I was waiting for Mrs. Rogers in a room up stairs directly opposite Sallie's. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon, but warm so that windows and doors stood open; Sallie's door was half-open, so that as I happened to glance across the hall I was struck by the pretty reflections of a green vine from an opposite window in that long mirror of hers. Then I noticed a shadow across it; then a girl's figure; now, you know my hobby about straight shoulders. I never thought who it was, but only, "What a crooked back!" I could see the figure at full length reflected in the mirror as she stood at the dressing-table hidden by the door. She was putting something about her neck. It looked like a necklace; I saw the glitter of gold. She clasped it and moved back and forth as if enjoying the effect—

"'Who was it?'

"'That's what I've come here to find out,' said the doctor, shrewdly. 'I couldn't see her face—but it wasn't Alice Arthur. Presently Mrs. Rogers' step sounded; the girl's figure darted away out of sight, and but for this horrid accusation, I never should have thought of it again.'

"Miss Lennox and I exchanged glances; she said, in a half-whisper:

"'Louisa?'

"'Louisa?'

"'Lydia?'

"'You know my hobby about stooping shoulders,' the doctor went on. 'Now I was so impressed by it I should know that girl's back in a thousand. I just longed to put her into braces.'

"We had to laugh.

"'Well,' said Miss Lennox, "it won't do to accuse another innocent person, but if you can come here to-morrow, doctor, about one, I'll contrive to have you survey the girls' shoulders without their knowing it. Then we may be helped. It's a good cause, doctor. If my poor Alice has this upon her name much longer, she will be ruined for life.'

"We were much encouraged, though perplexed; and, although I was not present when the doctor came next day, I can tell you all the circumstances of his visit.

"He took his seat in the window of Miss Lennox's parlor. Above the low mantel there was a wide, old-fashioned mirror, very useful that morning.

"Miss Lennox, on some pretext, summoned Mattie Jones. Sent her to the mantel to find a pair of spectacles. Mattie fumbled about, brought them to the table, and went off on a message. When they were alone Miss Lennox looked at the doctor.

"'No,' he said, smiling.

"Another summons brought Lydia Samson. The same tactics and the same result. Next Fanny Jones. Dr. Bridge was growing impatient when Louisa Bywell appeared, with the excited air common to her these days.

"Miss Lennox sent her to the mantel. Then said:

"'Louisa, fasten your chain more securely.'

"The girl's hands went up to her neck. She secured the clasp with her little tidgeting air, found what Miss Lennox wanted, and went off on an errand.

"Dr. Bridge jumped up.

"'That is the girl!' he said, impetuously. 'I never saw such another back!'

"They discussed the matter hurriedly, and then I was summoned, as knowing Louisa's character very well.

"I told them of my aversion to the girl, yet I believed she never meant any real wickedness in whatever she had done, and begged that I might try and get her to confess the truth.

"That evening, sitting alone with Louisa in the dark, I told her just what Dr. Bridge had seen, but without mentioning her name.

"I could have smiled had it been less serious, for she did precisely what I knew she would—commenced to cry and lament in her excited way.

"'Now, Louisa,' I said, firmly, 'there is a mystery here which you only can solve. You are committing a daily sin in leaving this upon Alice's name, and you must tell me the truth.'

"And so, fairly groveling on the floor at my feet, she did tell it.

"It appeared that, prompted by silly vanity, she had gone up to Sallie's room to try on the cross; hearing footsteps, she had been in a panic, and not knowing what to do, had thrust it into the pocket of Alice's jacket, which was lying on the bed. Then before she had time or chance to remove it the search was made and Alice's jacket not within her reach.

"After that, cowardice prevailed, and her jealousy prompted her as well to silence.

"I think I never saw anything so pitiable as the poor weak-minded creature weeping and wailing over her story with scarcely any comprehension of the terrible wrong she had inflicted.

"Of course we insisted upon the story being told to the assembled school, but pity for Louisa's weak nature induced Miss Lennox to soften it where it was possible.

"Louisa went directly to her home, and Burtnet soon forgot her.

"Do you think it was not a joyful day when we brought our Alice back?

"She came in positive triumph; not to Mrs. Lee's ever again, but to dear Miss Lennox, and from there home with me for the holidays."

The door opened as Cousin Esther finished, and her brother's wife, our darling Cousin Hope, came into the room.

"Here in the dark?" she said, cheerily.

"But what became of Alice?" we clamored.

"Alice?" said Cousin Essie, mischievously. "Oh, that wasn't her real name after all. It was Hope Martin, then; it is your cousin, Hope Lang, now."

And as we all gathered laughingly about our pet cousin, Hope, Jenny Lang, who never allows that a story is finished, said:

"But where is Louisa Bywell?"

"Oh, Louisa?" said Cousin Esther. "Poor girl, her lot in life has not been very agreeable, I am told. She married a clergyman, and she is always getting him into trouble simply from her lack of straightforwardness."

"And only think," said Cousin Hope, "that fault of hers was nearly the ruin of all my life."—*Youth's Companion.*

Thrilling Incident in a Statesman's Life.

The New York *Herald* has a sketch of the life of Count Andrassy, one of the foremost European statesmen and until recently the Austrian Prime Minister. We quote from the *Herald's* article: It was at Zemlin, Hungary, that Julius Andrassy was born, March 8, 1823. He received a good literary education and traveled extensively in connection with his father's industrial pursuits. But commerce ill suited his tastes, and early he abandoned it for literature and politics. At the age of twenty-four (1847) he was already acknowledged as one of the best orators in the Hungarian Landtag. At the time when—the Austrian yoke becoming more and more intolerable—the rebellion of the Magyars broke out he was appointed a member of the Government of National Defence. Hungary soon needed, however, soldiers rather than diplomats, and then Andrassy abandoned the pen for the sword. Invested with a military command he gallantly fought the enemies of his country in several battles, and was one of the last to retire before the Russian invaders (1849).

After the battle of Kaxolna, the Magyars, completely routed by the overwhelming forces of Schlica, were fleeing or their lives. Several officers, among whom were Andrassy, exhausted with a long march, decided to halt for the night at a deserted farmhouse which happened to be on their route. The snow was falling in thick, heavy flakes. No sound was heard but that of the violins and "cymbals" of the Bohemians who played their melancholy melodies in the camp of the Hovels a little way off. Little by little the music died away, and every one had fallen asleep, when suddenly a terrible noise of human voices and the report of muskets awoke the fugitive officers. Some of them took up their arms and immediately rushed for the door. Andrassy was still sleeping when two Bohemians and a few Honveds entered the room, crying, "Beware, beware! the Croats are coming. We are betrayed!" Andrassy started from his couch and wanted to go and join his companions in the fight. Readily recognized by one of the two players, Rameney by name, he was entreated not to venture to pass the threshold, as the Croats in great numbers were within a few yards' distance. "Take off your uniform," cried the Bohemian to the Count, "else you are lost. It is too late to go anywhere, Janosh," added Rameney turning to his fellow player, "help the Count to take off his uniform." But Janosh, having gone to the window to explore whether there was any chance of escape from that side, was struck in the breast by a bullet and fell dead to the floor. Rameney seemed to hesitate a minute, as though grief would overcome him. But quickly controlling his emotion he hastily divested the Count of his uniform, and helped him to put on his overcoat. "Take—take this, else you are lost!" he was wildly telling the Count; "have no fear on my account; they will do no harm to a poor Bohemian like myself."

Before Andrassy had fully recovered his wits Rameney had forced the violin into the hands of his protege, and compelled him to towards the dead body of Janosh. Rameney had also kneeled by his dead friend and begun to play furiously on the "cymbal" that he had taken from the latter's hand, still crying to the count, "Play, play, on the violin!" which Andrassy, in fact, tried to do. Meanwhile a handful of Austrians rushed in and were momentarily astonished at the sight of the strange group.

"What are you doing there?" thundered the chief of the party.

"We are playing a farewell air to our friend, whom you have killed, though he had harmed no one. We were on the road to Pesth when the Honveds arrested us and obliged us to play for them."

"Get up, you wretch!" replied the officer, not without adding strength to his words by a kick, "and come with us. Guard these two men as prisoners," he subsequently added, turning to a sergeant by his side.

The real player and occasional musician were surrounded by the Croats and compelled to move. The party had hardly reached the door when the soldiers began to torment Count Andrassy by saying, "*Huzd ra czigany*" (play on the violin).

It was the count's good luck that the sharp music of muskets and guns beginning anew diverted the attention of his escort from his barbarous playing. The vault of the sky soon echoed with the cry, "*Elejen a Nazs*" (hurrah for the fatherland). They were the Hungarian Hussars and the Zanini regiment, who had come to the rescue of the Honveds. The Croats took to flight, unmindful of their prisoners. On reaching the camp Count Andrassy handsomely rewarded the Bohemian who had so generously saved his life by warmly shaking hands with him, "Here," he said, "you must teach me how to play on the violin, in order that I may be able to make the Austrians dance."

An Ambulance for Accidents in New York.

The following extract is from an article entitled "Hospital Work in New York," published in the opening number of the Springfield (Mass.) monthly, *Good Company*: Suddenly a loud-toned bell, audible throughout the building, strikes four, and the gates are opened for a white ambulance, which a moment later is pulled up before the main entrance. "Surgical," a voice mutters half unconsciously behind us, and looking around we see a patient. "Four strokes for surgical, three for medical," he explains, and it is by the bell that the ward attendants are forewarned of the nature of ambulance cases.

The ambulance is used in nearly all cases of street accidents, some cases of disease and many cases of violent inebriety. It can be summoned by telegraph from any police station, or from any alarm box of the fire department, by tapping the Morse key twenty times and sounding the box number. It is familiar in all localities and at all hours, a covered wagon with a neatly uniformed surgeon sitting behind. Over sixteen hundred cases are attended by the ambulances of Bellevue in a year, and two surgeons are constantly employed in the service, responding to calls day and night. The alarm is received in the telegraph office on the first floor of the hospital, and there transmitted simultaneously to the stables and the room of the surgeons, where it is announciated by nine resonant strokes on a small gong. No matter how active the doctor is, the vehicle is usually at the door before he is at the bottom of the stairs, and he has to spring for his seat behind as it rolls out of the hospital yard. It is constructed on a plan to minimize pain in carrying a sufferer to the hospital for permanent treatment, and the surgeon has with him instruments and appliances for giving temporary alleviation, such as splinting and binding a fracture, or sewing up a wound.

When we reach the yard a spring mattress moving on castor wheels has been withdrawn from the bottom of the ambulance, and placed in a slanting position between the tail-board and the ground. Under the patient, who is covered with blankets, and over the mattress, is a canvas stretcher with tubes along the sides, into which the attendants insert long poles, and "the case" is thus carried to a cot or into the surgery without any necessary exertion or moving on his part. The ambulance surgeon is a brisk, business-like young man, and having transferred the case to the house surgeon, who is now responsible for it, and given a few particulars to the clerk, he bounds up stairs to wait for another call

Major Cavagnari.

London papers give these particulars about the late Major Cavagnari, head of the British Embassy in Afghanistan, and who was slaughtered by the Afghan istan mutineers at Cabul:

Sir Louis Pierre Napoleon Cavagnari was the son of a French officer who occupied the honorable position of private secretary to Napoleon I., went into exile with him into Elba, and was with him on the field of Waterloo. After the fall of Napoleon he came to England and married an Irish lady. His son, the late Sir L. P. N. Cavagnari, became a naturalized Englishman and, having been educated at one of the English military colleges, at sixteen went to India, and for the greater part of the last sixteen years he has been resident in the Punjaub as an assistant commissioner. Sir Louis, who was only thirty-six years of age, held the decoration of Knight Commander of the Star of India, and was made a Knight Commander of the Bath for his services in connection with the war in Afghanistan. Major Cavagnari, like his father, married an Irish lady about eight years since, but they have no family.

Major Cavagnari was one of those few men created by nature to make their mark in the world's history. Utterly un-English in his aspect, his manner, his style of thought and his character of action, he recalled the Continental diplomatists of the *moyen age*. It has been generally assumed at Peshawar for years back that it was only a question of time when Cavagnari should be assassinated, as had been Mackeson, Macdonald and so many others who had been his predecessors in the perilous, fascinating career of frontier management. A slight man, of rather feeble physique, but with an eye like a two-edged sword, he never carried arms, differing in this from John Nicolson, who always had a pistol on his writing-table, and when, at an interview with Shilman or an Afghan of a truculent, took care to secure the first trick in the game. Cavagnari (writes a correspondent), although he never loses his temper, can, on occasion, hit wonderfully straight from the shoulder. I remember once riding with him to an appointment he had with some Afridis to settle some vexed land question. I remained on the road while he, alone, in front of about a dozen stalwart ruffians, armed to the eyebrows, walked round the field. Presently the loud, angry accents of a dispute reached my ears. The Afridis were surrounding Cavagnari, gesticulating with passionate vehemence, some with hands on their daggers. Cavagnari stood quiet, perfectly fearless, utterly impassive. Suddenly I saw the biggest of the Afridis go down like a bullock, and Cavagnari, with unruffled composure, returned his hand into his pocket. He had knocked the ruffian down, and the swift thoroughness of the act cowed the fierce Hillmen. About half way on the return journey, Cavagnari remarked, apologetically, "It was absolutely necessary. Please don't think I lost my temper; I was perfectly cool; but I was forced to maintain my ascendency; and then he added meditatively, "and I wanted also to save my life."

A Doctor on Alcohol.

Alcohol, said Dr. Lorgan, of Utica, in the course of a lecture recently delivered, does not get into the circulation the same way that food does; it passes from the stomach to the liver, from the liver to the heart from the heart to the lungs, and back again to the heart, and then into the circulation, which it carries it to every part of the body. He explained how alcohol increases heat in the system. A small quantity, say about an ounce, will send the blood to the capillaries on the surface, and there increases its heat; but if the quantity is increased, and continued, the capillaries are kept distended, lose their power of contraction, the blood becomes stagnant in them, and the result is a shivering cold. Hence the temperate man can endure more cold than the intemperate man. His blood is in a healthier condition and he more readily recovers from diseases, medical or surgical. He said that one who is in the habit of drinking immoderately soon falls into ill health, suffers from loss of appetite, sick stomach, furred tongue, offensive breath. His limbs become tremulous, his face has a repulsiveness, his eyes are red and watery—fishy; tubercles appear upon the face, and his nose becomes brilliant, bottle-shaped. His stomach becomes covered with inflamed patches, its lining becomes softened and thickened, and filled with ropy mucus that forbids digestion and induces dyspepsia. His liver becomes diseased, first enlarged, then reduced in size, hardened and irregular in shape. Its surface is covered with elevations from one-quarter to one-half of an inch in diameter, resembling hobnails. Hence it is called hobnail or drunkard's liver, from its resemblance to the soles of hobnail shoes. In time this condition obstructs circulation in the liver, leads to dropsy, enlargement of the spleen, constipation, dirty skin, yellow eyes, loathing for solid food and a still stronger desire for stimulants. He may live one or two years, but once these conditions issue his days are numbered.

But it affects the brain as well as it does the stomach and liver. For the brain alcohol has a special affinity. It first causes congestion, then shrinkage, thickening of the membranes and a deposit of small crystals in the walls of the cells. It disturbs the circulation, brings on irritation and a consequent derangement, sleeplessness, restlessness, nervousness. He is affected with delirium. He sees snakes, serpents, demons, and looks behind curtains, chairs, tables, beds, for imaginary foes. He becomes a raving maniac and an inmate of the lunatic asylum.

A Danger that Besets Great Britain.

Next to the action of rain and rivers comes the gnawing effect of coast waves. The waves thunder against the cliff which mocks its seemingly impotent rage by dashing it backward in a cloud of foam and spray, but it returns again and again to the charge until persistency wins the day. The sea coast of England, which has for centuries been fast yielding to the attacks of the German ocean, furnished Sir C. Lyell with the majority of his illustrations in the interesting chapters upon the action of tides and currents. That eminent geologist tells us how towns and villages marked by name in old maps now lie fathoms deep beneath the waves. In one case, which came under his notice, houses had within the memory of living men stood upon a cliff fifty feet high, but in less than half a century houses and cliffs were all engulfed, and sea water enough to float a frigate occupied their site. As many as twelve churches, each farther landward than the last, have been built in one parish, and all but one have been swallowed up by the sea. Churchyards have consequently been destroyed in many places, the corpses and skeletons having been washed out of their graves and floated away by the tide. Sir C. Lyell himself saw human remains protruding from the cliff at Reculvers, in Kent, in 1851. And he humorously alludes to a scene depicted by Bewick, which, he says, numerous points on the coast might have suggested; the graveyard of a ruined abbey, undermined and almost isolated by the sea, with a broken tombstone in the foreground serving as a perch for the cormorants, and bearing the inscription "To perpetuate the memory of ——" one whose very name is obliterated, and whose monument was ready to fall into the waves. And he aptly, though somewhat sarcastically, suggests that such a tombstone would have a fit tribute to the memory of "some philosopher" who had taught "the permanency of existing continents," the "era of repose," or "the impotence of modern causes."—*London Beegravia.*

The Basques.

The Basques, says a New York paper, are in many respects the most peculiar people dwelling in civilization, of which they really form no part. For centuries they have undergone very little change, being scarcely affected by revolutions or progress of any kind. They number about 800,000, 130,000 being citizens of France, but the bulk and the most distinctive of them occupying the Basque provinces in Spain—Biscay, Guipuzcoa and Alava. There is no record of their ever having been subdued. Carthaginians, Romans, Goths, Saracens, Frenchmen, or Spaniards have never effaced their marked traits, corrupted the purity of their race, or even modified their time-honored customs. They are of medium size, compact of frame, singularly vigorous and agile, having light-gray eyes, black hair, and complexions darker than the Spaniards. Simple in manners and character, they are proud and impetuous, determined and fiery patriots, and merry, social and hospitable withal. The women are comely and strong, capable of, and often doing, masculine work, are notable for vivacity, suppleness and grace, and wear gay head-dresses over their variously braided and twisted locks. Both sexes are exceedingly fond of games, festivals, music and dancing. The national costume is a red jacket, long breeches, red sash, square-knotted cravat, hempen shoes and pointed cap. Their manners are patriarchal, and their habits also. While the sexes mingle without restraint, they are very moral, and marriage vows are religiously kept. Their soil is fertile, and the Basques are so industrious that they produce good crops generally, notwithstanding their primitive agriculture. They are, practically, democrats, the condition of all being very nearly equal, as the nobility, who derived their origin mainly from the Moors, are very few. They have very few towns or villages, their habitation being scattered over most of the heights of the three provinces. Politically, they are divided into districts, each of which chooses an alcalde, who is both a civil and military officer, and a member of the Junta meeting annually in some one of the towns to deliberate upon public affairs. The alcaldes are always men of age and experience, and fathers of families. The Basques' rights are protected by written statutes (*fueros*,) granted them by ancient Spanish kings. They are Roman Catholics, have great reverence for priests and monks, and are inclined to superstition. They are supposed to be the last remnant of the old Ibernians, and have ever preserved an exalted reputation for courage among their native mountains. They were the Cantabri of the Romans, who admired them for their sturdy defence of liberty, and are alluded to by Horace as a people very hard to teach to bear the yoke. Centuries later, they fell, in the renowned defiles of Roncevalles, upon Charlemagne and his army when returning to France, slew his bravest palladins, and compelled him to fly for his life. Euscaldunac is the name the Basques give themselves, and their country they call Euscaleria. They are prouder even than the Spaniards, and the mere fact of being born in their district secures the privileges of universal nobility.

A Man of Many Trades.

Americans, says a New York paper, are renowned all over, for their practical versatility. They are so continually turning from one occupation or trade to another that it is rare to find one of our countrymen doing in middle life what he was doing at the outset of his career. Most of them, indeed, have had a dozen different employments before reaching forty. A man named Francis R. Fisk, and only thirty-two, residing in Essex county, this State, has had a more varied experience than his compatriots. A Pennsylvanian by birth, he went to the Adirondack region, when a mere lad, with his father, a lumberman; settled at Schroon village, and has been there ever since, except during three years' service as a soldier in the Union cause. He was first an apprentice to a harness and saddle maker, then a shoemaker, next a furniture maker, next a carpenter and joiner, and planned and finished a hotel at Schroon lake. He also is a painter and decorator, and was for some time engineer of a steamboat plying on that sheet of water. He was a barber for two or three years, and afterward filled the position of chief cook at a large and well-kept inn in that neighborhood. He is a musician, self-taught; plays very well on the piano and violin, and often directs music for parties. He does odd jobs at repairing machinery, at plumbing, gas-fitting, plastering, paper-hanging, etc., and is literally a jack-of-all-trades, and almost a master of several. He has never conducted a newspaper, but he is a good type-setter, and writes a very fair article. A man of so many talents could certainly make money in a large town, but he so loves the mountain region that he cannot be moved away by any prospect of gain.

The Most Married of Women.

The Smyrna (Del.) *Times* records the death in that town, in his eighty-second year, of Benjamin Abbott, and adds: The notable feature in Mr. Abbott's otherwise uneventful life is the remarkable fact of being the seventh husband of his widow, who survives him. This much-talked-of and much-published event (for it went the rounds of the press of the nation), when he for the second and she for the seventh time bowed before the altar Hymen, occurred on June 30, 1875, he then being seventy-eight and she eighty-two years old. Mrs. Abbott's history in the marital relations of life stands perhaps without a parallel in the records of the nation, and tradition has it there is to be yet another. It is currently stated without contradiction that some years ago she had a vision in which eight men stood before her in a peculiarly impressive manner, which she has ever regarded as prophetic of the number of conquests she was to make. The eighth is just as likely and as reasonable as the seventh, and already public gossip is beginning to mark this and that man as the victim of the next conquest. Her maiden name was Williams, and she has been successively Mrs. Traux, Mrs. Riggs, Mrs. Farrow, Mrs. Wallace, Mrs. Berry, Mrs. Pratt and Mrs. Abbott. In every instance, save the first, she has married widowers, some of them with a good number of children, and on one occasion in her early married life she went to the almshouse and took therefrom three children and raised them. She never had any children of her own. All her life has been spent in this vicinity, and all her husbands were buried by the same undertaker.

The Bite of the Skunk.

In the *Forest and Stream*, of recent date, is a contribution to the question whether the bite of the skunk is poisonous and will produce rabies. In the west and southwest of the Mississippi valley this seems generally believed. A writer from Colorado quotes several instances.

Dr. Cushing, of Trinidad, Colorado, who has, no doubt, seen several cases, gives it as his opinion that the natural bite of the skunk produces hydrophobia —that it does not need to be suffering from rabies itself. He says its bite will kill the victim sooner or later, without fail. Dr. W. L. South, who has had great experience in Texas and New Mexico says "the bite will fetch the victim some time," meaning that it will sooner or later result in death.

We do not believe this is the case in the Eastern States. The skunk is very common in Pennsylvania. We have seen dogs bitten by it, and have known those who hunted it constantly for its valuable skin, but have never heard of any such ill result from its bite either in man or dog.—*Medical and Surgical Reporter.*

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD

Facts for Farmers.

Drains should be cut while the ground is dry. If they have been marked or laid out previously the work can be done now at half the cost of doing it when the ground is full of water. This season is better than any other for reclaiming swamp meadows.

In showing how extremely sensitive butter and milk are to foreign odors, and how rapidly they absorb them, Dr. Nichols states that he has known a choice pan of butter spoiled by a farmer walking into the dairy-room with his cow-stall boots on, covered with animal excrement.

An old poultry raiser, who believes in milk for fowls, says: "It is both meat and drink. Some of the finest chickens I ever saw were raised upon the free use of milk with their food. Hens lay as well, or better, when furnished with this than upon any known article offered them."

Weeds on gravel walks may be destroyed and prevented from growing again by a copious dressing of the cheapest salt. This is a better method than hand-pulling, which disturbs the gravel and renders constant raking and rolling necessary. One application early in the season, and others as may be needed, while the weeds are small, will keep the walks clean and bright.

Greater neatness about dwellings would be an improvement to nearly all farm residences, even among the thrifty, intelligent, rich and money-making. There are too many half-decayed structures, or boards, lying on the ground, or burdocks, or the lack of a neat lawn and some shrubbery.

Wheat requires a fine and mellow soil; it is best if compact below and loose and mellow at the top. If lumps are and clods they should be brought up from below by repeated harrowings and broken by the roller or the disk harrow. If they cannot be broken up completely they are better on the top than below the surface. A roller will break many.

To avoid sore shoulders on your horse, bathe them with strong salt water each night after removing the harness. It you commence two weeks before spring plowing so much the better. An infallible preventive, an excellent cure. By bathing a silk handkerchief in the collar, where the hames fit, and removing the stuffing, you may soften the collar where it galls the shoulder without injuring the collar. In buying a collar be careful to select one that is of the same solidity in all parts and on both sides. The best collar pad is made by stuffing an old coat-sleeve with hay, having as little hay as possible under the hames.—*Practical Farmer.*

Dr. Nichols says in the *Journal of Chemistry*: "It is, under ordinary conditions, advisable and advantageous to plant corn for fodder in drills, with at least twenty inches space between, so that air and sunlight can have free access to the growing plants; but it is not good husbandry to sow thickly broadcast. Plants depend for healthy growth and nutrition upon actinic light and heat and upon access of air. Any plant deprived of these agencies in its growth is unsuitable for the food of animals."

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* says that no dressing of manure is completely consumed by the crop to which it is applied. Soluble and active manures produce their principal effect at once and are of little benefit to subsequent crops. Manures sparingly soluble, and those which must suffer decomposition in the soil before they are of service to the plant, as bones and farmyard manure, will, on the contrary, produce an effect over many years. Farmers have a prejudice in favor of the latter class of manures, but it is clear that the quickest return for capital invested is afforded by the former class.

Tree Labels.

Every tree in an orchard, says the *Journal of Horticulture*, should be clearly and plainly labeled, so that not only the proprietor, but any one, may go into it and tell the variety of every tree in it. It should also be recorded in a book for that purpose. This is important, that the owner may know the kind of fruit he raises and where to find it. Fruit will often sell better if the name of the variety is well known and attached to it. There is also improvement in trades that the owner may know what kind to get to fill up the vacancy and keep up the assortment. A difficulty that many labor under is to get a good label, one that will last and retain the writing. If wood is used, the writing soon becomes dim, and if twine is used for tying material it soon rots and the label is lost, but if wire is used for this purpose it will not give with the growth of the tree, and is liable to cut into and injure the tree, if it does not ruin it. The following has proved the most satisfactory as a tree label with us: Take a piece of common sheet zinc five inches wide. Across this cut pieces three-fourths of an inch wide at one end and tapering to a point at the other. Near the wider end write plainly with a common lead pencil the name of the variety. This will get brighter by exposure to the weather, and will last for years. The small end is coiled around a branch of the tree; it will yield as the tree grows and do no injury. Such labels will last a lifetime, and the writing will get plainer all the time. After being used ten years they are far plainer than when first written. Such labels cost but little, and are permanently reliable.

A cheaper but very efficient label can be made of tin cut in the form suggested for the zinc ones, with the name written or rather scratched on it with a sharp awl. This will scratch through the tin to the iron, which on exposure to the weather will soon rust, thus making the letters quite distinct. These may be procured at any tin shop, and almost any tinner will cut them from scraps at a few cents a hundred. These will last many years before becoming dim.

A Gardener's Secret.

Peter Henderson, the veteran gardener, made a very significant statement before the convention of nurserymen and florists. This statement embodies the remarkable fact that if garden seeds, when planted in the spring, are firmly pressed down under the earth by the ball of the foot at the time the gardeners are putting them into the ground, they will invariably grow, drought or no drought; and what is still more important, they will spring up earlier and grow faster and mature bitter than any of their kind which have not been subjected to this discipline. The same rule for pressure, he says, holds true in regard to transplanting trees, shrubs, and plants. This is an item of great practical value to many of our people, and especially to those who live in the suburbs.—*Cleveland Herald.*

An Iron War Shirt.

An iron shirt was recently left at the office of the Alexandria (Va.) *Gazette* by some one who found it in a house that had been occupied by Union troops during the closing months of the war. This iron-clad chemise resembles somewhat the armor of a crusader, and is made of ten pieces of heavy boiler iron, or it may be plates of thin steel, all jointed by movable rivets, which allow the shirt to be disjointed and packed up. A portion of it is hinged so as to allow motion to the limbs. This mobile enceinte or personal fortress was fitted on in front like a dicky, but extended down far enough to cover the thighs. The *Gazette* says: "Its inventor evidently deemed the shirt a useful invention, for the sample on our desk is marked on one shoulder in brass, like an epaulette, 'patent applied for,' and on the other, 'Made by Atwater Armory Co., New Haven, Conn.' The marks, 'I. A. A.,' which, we suppose, indicate that 'I must Avoid Accidents,' are the only other inscriptions found upon this work of art."

TIMELY TOPICS.

A United States postage stamp manufactory has been uncarthed in France. It was ascertained by the Postoffice Department some time ago that one A. L. Alexandria, Jr., in Paris, was engaged in the manufacture of counterfeit United States postage stamps. An investigation resulted in showing that, although the party named manufactured facsimiles of United States stamps, he sold them only to persons who were making collections of postage stamps, and that the object was not to defraud the government. The practice, however, was immediately discontinued. It was found that a similar business is carried on in England and Germany.

If a person swallows any poison whatever, or has fallen into convulsions from having overloaded the stomach, an instantaneous remedy, most efficient and applicable in a large number of cases, is a heaping teaspoonful of common salt and as much ground mustard, stirred rapidly in a teacupful of water, warm or cold, and swallowed instantly. It is scarcely down before it begins to come up, bringing with it the remaining contents of the stomach; and lest there be any remnant of the poison, however small, let the white of an egg or a teaspoonful of strong coffee be swallowed as soon as the stomach is quiet, because these very common articles nullify a large number of virulent poisons.

Wild beasts make awful havoc among the cattle of some of the Russian provinces. In the province of Novgorod, for example, the horses and cows of the peasants daily fall victims. The authorities of that province have, during the past ten years, tried every possible way of rooting out the wolves and bears, but without any noticeable success. In the year 1878 the loss then ran as high as 1,500 head of cattle. At its last session the Zemstvo decided to offer a reward of five roubles to every person who shall kill a wolf, old or young, and ten roubles for each bear killed during the summer, the money to be paid from the provincial fund. Strychnine pills are recommended for the destruction of the wild beasts.

The barometer of the national prosperity of England is, according to the London *Sanitary Record*, at a very low ebb, as the depression in the marriage rate, that unerring test of the material condition and prospects of the people, was still more strongly marked during the first quarter of the year than it had been in any of the four quarters of 1878. The annual marriage rate in the three months ending March last did not exceed 11.6 per 1,000, and was 2.1 below the average rate of the corresponding period of the previous forty years—1838-77. So low a marriage rate has not prevailed in the first quarter of any year since 1837, when the act for civil registration of marriages, births and deaths first rendered these statistics possible. The nearest approach to so low a marriage rate, in the first quarter of the year, was 12.5 in the first three months of 1841.

The Emperor of China is allowed three wives, the chief of whom is the empress, while the other two are queens. He has the right, under certain restrictions, of choosing his own successor. When the Emperor Hein Fung died, in 1861, he left the throne to his son

The Centre Reporter.

FRED. KURTZ.....EDITOR.

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CENTRE HALL, Pa., Oct, 2, 1879.

DEMOCRATIC NOMINATIONS.

FOR STATE TREASURER.
DANIEL O. BARR, of Allegheny.
Democratic County Ticket.

Jury Commissioner.
JOHN SHANNON.

Coroner.
DR. JOSEPH ADAMS.

IMPORTANT TO VOTERS.

The next election in Pennsylvania will be held on Tuesday, the 4th of November.

Voters must be assessed two months preceding the election, that is, on or before Thursday, September 4th.

Voters must have paid a state or county tax one month preceding the election, that is, on or before Saturday, October 4th.

Members Democratic state, county, and city committees should see to it that every voter of our party has complied with the law.

Failure to pay tax in season deprives the voter of the privilege of suffrage. An elector can swear in his vote, though he be not assessed, but the neglect may cause him much trouble.

Gov. Hoyt has appointed Hon. Henry Green, of Easton, judge of the supreme court in place of Judge Warren L. Woodward, dec'd.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Morris, of Cass county, Mich., were murdered for their money on Sunday night.

We do not ask any one to vote for Barr because this happened in a radical state.

At a convention of the citizens of Wyandot and Kansas city, they protest against more blacks emigrating to Kansas. Let some of 'em go to Vermont and other rad strongholds and give them a real taste of the loved African.

The radical dissatisfaction with Cornell is growing in New York, Harper's Weekly, The Nation, The Times, and other leading organs, as well as hundreds of the rank and file are in rebellion, and more than offset Boss Kelley's Tammany bolt.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company are building a locomotive to run between Philadelphia and New York ninety miles in ninety minutes.

That's something, and if they would make half as much time in fulfilling their promises to extend our road, that would be something too.

U. S. Senator Bruce promises some startling revelations in his report on the affairs of the Freedman's bank. He wants congress to buy the bank property in Washington.

Mr. Bruce is the colored radical senator from Mississippi, and the Freedman's bank is that pet institution of white radicals under Grant, that so woefully swindled the poor negroes of the south out of all their deposits—the hard earnings of the years since their liberation. No democrat was concerned in this infamous swindle, the wickedest of all the sores that the negro complains of. Bruce is a prominent colored radical but his investigation of the infamous Freedsman's bank swindle shows up the true character of the men who talk so loudly about the wrongs of the blacks and now "Rah for Grant."

The Sun pithily remarks that if Gen. Grant keeps his eyes open, he will soon discover that changes have occurred at home while he has been travelling abroad. In the first place, business is beginning to look up again. Times are rather better than they were when he went out of office. This improvement is largely due to the fact that the people are no longer forced to provide for the waste, extravagance, and plunderings of such a set of scoundrels as they were cursed with in the days when Robenson, Belknap, & Co. were in power, and when a subservient Republican majority in House of Representatives voted the millions as fast as they could be squandered or stolen.

The courts of Pennsylvania never had as many cases of murder and manslaughter on trial as are on its trial list now.—*Lewisburg Chronicle*, rad.

And if this were in the south how much louder the Chronicle and the whole pack of the radical sheets would howl. But since it is in Republican Penn'a, a four line notice will do.—*Centre Hall Reporter.*

And the reason for a scarcity of murder cases on southern trial lists is because the assassins down there are scarcely ever tried. When tried, they are acquitted, as witness the recent acquittal of Gully, the murderer of the Chisholms.—*Mifflinburg Telegraph*, radical.

Well we can easily offset that by going to radical Snyder county, the child of radical Union, where they failed to hang a lot of murderers only a short time ago.

Now try again.

They are going for the Mormons in Mormondom just now, apparently at least. A Salt Lake despatch of 29 says that the Third district court has for several days been engaged in obtaining a grand jury. All Mormons who believe in polygamy to be a revelation from God and superior to the act of congress, have been excluded. Eleven jurors have been obtained. It is expected the present grand jury will endeavor to obtain a record of polygamous marriages at the endowment house.

John Bull having found Cetywayo, might next try to find the corpse of A. T. Stewart or Charly Ross.

The *Westliche Post*—Carl Schurz's St. Louis paper—advises the Germans of New York to work for the defeat of the Republican State ticket.

That's a sort of a Hayes boom ferninst Cornell.

Mr. Hayes has a party now. It is an excursion party, conducted on deadhead principels.

From the Indianapolis Sentinel. Come and see. Come when Hayes comes. You have never seen a President of the United States who wasn't elected. This is your only chance. Quite a curiosity, we assure you.

The Prohibitionists at Harrisburg nominated William L. Richardson of Bloomsburg, for State Treasurer. George E. Turner of Pittsburgh, presided over the Convention.

Go and pay your County tax before the 4th of October, and then go to the election in November, and vote the Democratic ticket like a man.

We welcome to our table the "Centre Hall Reporter," a large and ably edited paper published by Mr. Fred. Kurtz, of Centre Hall, Centre county, Pa.—*McVeytown Journal.*

We say the same for our new acquaintance.

THE NAIL CLINCHED.

The Washington Post puts it in this plain way:

"No amount of invective could intensify the shame and disgust which every honorable mind feels when contemplating the de facto President of the United States, in paying $1,000 of hush-money to close the mouth of one of the thieves who stole for him the vote of Louisiana. This is one of those scene that are most effective in their naked simplicity. It will live forever in the memory of mankind, and be execrated by the good men of all coming generations.

"Hitherto the friends and apologists of Mr. Hayes stoutly contended that he was in no way implicated in the crimes to which he owes his incumbency of the Presidential office. When he appointed one after another of the big and little thieves to places under the Government until scores of them were thus quartered on the public exchequer, and when it was shown that many of these appointees were disreputable fellows, having no honest claims on any party, the friends of Mr. Hayes still said that he was guiltless of any wrong: that these appointments had been secured by political influence in the customary way.

"When the doors of the Executive Mansion, and of Mr. Hayes' private consultation, swung on pliant hinges to admit a more disreputable crowd than had gained admission there, even in the palmiest days of the 'era of good stealing,' when these creatures, unknown to the public for any other cause than their direct connection with the Presidential steal, were found to have the choice of available positions in the public service; when Mr. Hayes abandoned all his solemn pledges not to remove honest and faithful officials, and swung the decapitating axe right and left for no other purpose than to make vacancies whereon to quarter these thieves and scoundrels on the public, still his partisans shut their eyes to the damning facts, rejected the inevitable conclusions of reason and common sense, and declared that Mr. Hayes was innocent, and that there had been nothing unusual in the distribution of Executive patronage.

"But this claim of innocence can be made no longer. In the light of existing facts no man who does not expect to be laughed at and despised as a fool or a liar, will say that R. B. Hayes is not fully and unquestionably implicated in the great crime which set up his Administration outside of the Constitution, and in violation of the laws made in pursuance thereof. The payment by Mr. Hayes of this $1,000 of hush-money did not entirely close the mouth of Casanave but it will forever silence the claim of his friends that he is innocent of guilty knowledge of the theft."

"THE CATTLE BELT" of the United States begins to attract attention from its enormous extent and the rapidly increasing value of its products. The cattle yield of Colorado is said to exceed its bullion products in value. A banker in Denver, it is reported, says that he would rather have one hundred stock dealers' accounts than three hundred mining accounts from depositors. The "cattle belt" referred to begins at the Rio Grande, near Corpus Christi, and extends northwest through the interior to the frontiers of Manitoba. In its extreme Southern and Northern portion it is neither highly elevated nor particularly dry, but for the greater part of the immense area included under this distinctive denomination—and it is said to be an area, of 350 miles in width by $2,000 miles in lenth—it lies along the surface of high table lands, of which Northern Texas and Colorado are fair types. Cattle on these plains need to be herded and watched, in order that they may receive water at proper intervals, but it is claimed that the cost of raising a four-years-old steer, selling at the depots at an average of $30, does not exceed from $2 50 to $3 50. The average natural increase of the herds is about 30 per cent. The business is one which requires large capital at the outset, regular wages and strict attention to the best markets, and the inference is that it will speedily fall into the hands of a few large drovers and butchers. The enormous droves on the plains, said to a number at the present time nearly 15,000,000, are thought to be in some danger from the approaches of pleuro-pneumonia, but the rapid conversion of grazing lands into farming lands is probably the chief danger to the profits of the system which is now imminent.

Woodbury S. Pennell thus advertises in Portland, Me.: "Any man or woman selling me one drop of intoxicating liquor on or after this date, I will prosecute to the extent of the law."

It is stated as a remarkable fact in the history of the Pennsylvania railroad, that for some weeks past the amount of freight tonnage transported westward exceeds the quantity conveyed east.

A lot of dogs played sad havoc in a drove of sheep belonging to Mr. Peter Burkholder, of Loudon, Franklin county, recently. The sheep were pasturing in a field near the house and sometime during the night thirty head were killed by dogs.

He thought he heard "the angels sing" but it proved to be a chorus of yells from the next door children. He grew desperate, procured a bottle of Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup and sent it to Mrs. S. with his compliments. He was a bachelor.

The district attorney at Salt Lake City has been directed to vigorously prosecute all violators of the law against polygamy. That will make some of the polygamists who have too many wives to sleep with feel a little uncomfortable after all.

Constipation is the worst foe of Health. Kidney-Wort overcomes it on rational principles. Try it.

A man named Walls, in Conewago twp, York county, fortified the walls of his stomach by eating a peck of peaches at one sitting. It was done inside of thirty minutes. If that fellow got into a railroad collision there would be peach jam.

The difference between a woman and an umbrella is that the latter can be shut up.—N. Y. World.

Lard-like looking butter shows unthrifty management on the part of dairymen, who at a trifling outlay for the Perfected Butter Coler of Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt., can give a deep yellow, rich and desirable article, which will always command the best price.

The turning mill on Callowhill street, Philadelphia, run by B. W. Challant, was burned on Sunday. Loss, $14,000; insured.

Elmira, Sept. 26.—A special from Westfield, Tioga county, Pa., says Robert Champlain, a farmer, was shot dead while cutting corn a few rods from his house. No clue has been found of the murderer, but suspicion points to his father, with whom he was on bad terms.

Mrs. Catharine Long died recently at Shamokin, aged 103 years.

The Milton *Weekly* says peaches sold as low as 30 cents per bushel in that market.

Two thousand nine hundred and eighty fires occurred in Russia during the month of August. And still men will persist that Russia is a cold country.

In the Indian fight in New Mexico on the 18th inst., five soldiers and thirty two horses were killed, and one soldier and six horses wounded.

A party of young men from Dallas and Fort Worth, while hunting in the Pan Handle country, in that state, were attacked by Indians on September 11th and seven of their number killed after a fight of two days.

Rowell, the Englishman, won the six days walking match, making 530 miles. Merritt was second, Hazeal third.

A maniac of Greenbrier county, West Virginia, first cut his stepdaughter's throat and then his own.

Thirteen cases of yellow fever were reported in Memphis on Sunday.

TWENTY-EIGHT PROSPECTORS MASSACRED.

Salt Lake, Utah, September 27.—A silver Reef special reports a party of twenty-eight prospectors who started on an expedition two months ago, have been massacred by Indians near the eastern boundary of this Territory,

PLAIN TALK FROM TILDEN.

WORDS THAT HAVE THE RING OF TRUTH AND COMMON SENSE.

HIS OPINION OF HAYES' BRIBES TO THE PRESIDENTIAL THIEVES.

[Interview With Gov. Tilden in New York Times.]

The reporter said: Mr. Field makes the following statement: "But when Mr. Tilden came to testify before the Congressional committee, he admitted at this very time he knew (although the public did not know till months afterward) all about his transactions in regard to the cipher dispatches. Yet, knowing this, he presented to me a man who had attempted bribery, and so been guilty of a crime, as one worthy of my confidence, and the one whom he specially chose to represent himself."

Mr. Tilden. The moral audacity, or rather the immoral audacity, is amazing of the man who could deliberately assert in a written paper, under his own signature, that I admitted before the Congressional committee that, "at this very time" (June, 1877) I "knew all about the transactions in regard to the cipher dispatches." I testified before that committee that I never knew of the existence or contents of any of the cipher dispatches until their publication in September, 1878, and every witness examined and every fact illicited confirmed my testimony. It was further proved that when I was informed by Mr. Edward Cooper that Colonel Pelton was receiving, or was about to receive, the communication of the first of the offers, and the only one that came to my knowledge, to give to the Democratic Electors their certificates for a pecuniary inducement, I instantly interfered, broke up the conference and crushed the incipient negotiations. It was proved before that committee that certificates for nineteen votes were in the market, while only one was lacking to defeat the fraud by which the Presidency was wrested from the majority of the American people. It is now known, beyond controversy, that the four votes of Florida belonged to me and diverted from me. Even Judge Miller, the master spirit of the Electoral Commission, is reported to have admitted the fact in a recent interview published in the New York Sun. The frauds perjuries and forgeries by which the false certificates were supported were numerous and complicated. To these was superadded the forgery of three electoral votes to supply the place of the original votes sent from Louisiana and found to be illegal. The actors and agents in these wrongs have been appointed to, or continued in, all the great civic trusts of the United States within the State of Louisiana. It was proved that I refused to enter into this shameful competition. It is known that I did not obtain any one of the certificates ascertained to be in the market. They were all cast against law and right. Mr. Field, pretending to think that "poor Felton," as he calls him, has been harshly and unjustly dealt with by the public in the next breath says that he "had attempted bribery," and "had been guilty of a crime." This is an exaggerated untruth. Colonel Pelton neither initiated nor consummated anything. He merely listened to offers from officers to do what they admitted and he believed to be their lawful duty for hire before they violated that duty under corrupt inducements. His wrong did not go beyond a futile dalliance. The beneficiaries of the consummated wrong, its instigators and patrons, are high in the seats of governmental power and honor. Shocked at a lesser wrong, which died in its mere meditation, to the great crime, actually consummated Mr. Field "crooks the pregnant hinges of the knee, that thrift may follow fawning."

The following from the Washington Tribune is worthy the attention of the widows and children of deceased soldiers and sailors:

It has been decided that under the operations of the arrears of pension law, limitations which, under the old pension laws, ran against widows who remarried without having applied for a pension within five years from the death of the soldier, and children, and brothers and sisters of a deceased soldier who were under sixteen years of age at the time of the latter's death, but who neglected to file an application for pensions before they attained the age of twenty-one years, have been swept away, so that now the late widow of a soldier who died in the service, or, after discharge, of a disability which originated while in the service and in the line of duty, is entitled to a pension from the date of her remarriage, provided she has not received the same. Also, children who have been debarred a pension under the old pension laws by reason of the youngest having attained the age of twenty-one years without having made an application, should now apply; also brothers and sisters who were under sixteen years of age at the date of the soldier's death and dependent upon him for support (the soldier having left neither widow, minor child nor children surviving him, and the mother and father having died before the brothers and sisters attained the age of sixteen years), now have a valid claim. The classes above referred to numbers tens of thousands, and this good news will be cheering indeed to them, especially as it comes so unexpectedly upon the heels of the disallowance of their claims, or information that they had no title to pension.

The Russian Court invited Dr. Ayer and his family to the Archduke's wedding in the Royal Palace. This distinction was awarded him not only because he was an American, but also because his name as a physician had become favorably known in Russia on its passage round the world.—Pueble (Col.) People.

Reading, Pa., Sept. 23.—Hon. Warren J. Woodward, justice of the supreme court of Pennsylvania, expired at his country seat at Hamden, N. Y., at five o'clock this evening.

The following very important law passed both branches of the Legislature at the last session:

SECTION 1. That any person liable to road tax who shall transplant to the side of a public highway, on his own premises, any fruit, shade or forest trees of suitable size, shall be allowed by the Supervisor of roads, where roads run through or adjoin cultivated fields, an abatement of his road tax, one dollar for every four trees set out; but no row of elms shall be nearer than seventy feet, no row of maples or other forest trees nearer than fifty feet, except locust, which may be set thirty feet apart; and no allewance, as before mentioned, shall be made unless such trees shall have been set out the year previous to the demand for such abatement, and are living and are well protected from animals at the time of such demand.

SEC. 2. Any trees transplanted to the side of the public highway as aforesaid, in the place of trees which have died, shall be allowed for in the same manner and on the same conditions as in the previous section.

SEC. 3. No person shall be allowed an abatement of his highway tax as aforesaid more than one quarter of his annual highway tax, and no one shall receive an abatement of tax for trees planted previous to the passage of this act.

SEC. 4. Any person who shall cut down, kill or injure any living tree planted as aforesaid, shall pay to the supervisor of roads as aforesaid, fifty cents for each and every tree cut down, killed or removed, and to be collected as other taxes are now collected.

DISTURBANCE OF PUBLIC MEETINGS.—The following is the text of the law in reference to the disturbance of public meetings, which might be read occasionally by many young men who show their bad breeding while attending some of our churches:

"If any person shall willfully and maliciously disturb or interrupt any society, assembly or congregation convened for the purpose of religious worship or for any moral, social, literary, scientific, agricultural or floral object, ceremony, lecture, examination, or exhibition, such shall on conviction be sentenced to pay a fine not exceeding fifty dollars, suffer imprisonment not exceeding three months, or both,"

PIONEER SCHOOLS OF PENN'S VALLEY.

MR. KURTZ:—In Professor Meyer's sketches of the first schools of Centre county, published in the book entitled "Industries and Institutions of Centre County," no mention is made of one of the most noted and important schools in the county. The writer having received nearly all the schooling that fell to his lot in this school house of olden times feels it a duty to rescue from oblivion so much of its history as came under his own observation, and that with those who preceded him:

THE HOUSE AND LOCATION.

The house was of hewn logs, shingle roof, two divisions separated by a board partition and I have no doubt when erected, was the best school house in the county. Its location was on the south bank of Sinking Creek, on the old public road leading from Bellefonte to Lewistown, and was called the Loso Bierce School.

I have no information to indicate the date of its erection, but as Potters Mills was built about 1770 and General Potter living there, this must have been one of the first schools in the county.

TEACHERS.

Of the teachers my information goes back to Jonathan Kearsly, who taught sometime previous to the war of 1812. He was said to be a good classical scholar, and prepared several of his pupils for college. Among these were Wm. W. Potter, a lawyer of eminence, with whom many of your readers were acquainted; George L. Potter, his brother, also a lawyer; Wm. Rankin, a doctor of high reputation, who died some years ago in Newville, Pa.; Doctor John Rankin, who died lately in Armstrong, Penn'a, and J. Housten Rankin, who died not long since in Clarion county, Penn'a. Mr. Kearsly was an officer of the war of 1812, and lost a limb at Lundy's Lane. He was Marshal of the state of Michigan under the administration of General Jackson and died some years ago in Detroit. His wife was a sister of the Messrs. Valentine, of Bellefonte. Henderson, an Irishman, succeeded Kearsly, and was said to be a man of good education, but was unpopular as a teacher. Miller, the master spirit of the Electoral Commission, is reported to have admitted the fact in a recent interview published in the New York Sun. The frauds perjuries and forgeries by which the false certificates were supported were numerous and complicated. To these was superadded the forgery of three electoral votes to supply the place of the original votes sent from Louisiana and found to be illegal. The actors and agents in these wrongs have been appointed to, or continued in, all the great civic trusts of the United States within the State of Louisiana. It was proved that I refused to enter into this shameful competition. It is known that I did not obtain any one of the certificates ascertained to be in the market. They were all cast against law and right. Mr. Field, pretending to think that "poor Felton," as he calls him, has been harshly and unjustly dealt with by the public in the next breath says that he "had attempted bribery," and "had been guilty of a crime." This is an exaggerated untruth. Colonel Pelton neither initiated nor consummated anything. He merely listened to offers from officers to do what they admitted and he believed to be their lawful duty for hire before they violated that duty under corrupt inducements. His wrong did not go beyond a futile dalliance. The beneficiaries of the consummated wrong, its instigators and patrons, are high in the seats of governmental power and honor. Shocked at a lesser wrong, which died in its mere meditation, to the great crime, actually consummated Mr. Field "crooks the pregnant hinges of the knee, that thrift may follow fawning."

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Save money and time by having Dr. Bull's Baltimore Pills always on hand, and useing them for the numerous diseases which more or less trouble families at times. Sold everywhere. Price 25 cts.

The depth of the water in the gorge below the Niagara Falls has just been measured for the first time. the swiftness of the stream had baffled all previous efforts, but a corpse of Goverment engineers accomplished the feat. They embarked in a small boat not far below the falls. An old guide accompanied the party. With great difficulty they approached within short distance of the American falls, which darted great jets of water on them. The roar was so terrible that no voice or sound could be heard. The leadsman cast the line, which rapidly passed down 83 feet. This was near the shore. Passing out of the friendly eddy which had enabled them to get so near the falls, they shot out rapidly down stream. The next cast of the lead told off 100 feet, deepening to 192 feet a little further down. The average depth to the Swift Drift—where the river suddenly becomes narrow, with a velocity too great to be measured—is 153 feet. Just under the lower bridge the whirlpool rapids set in, and so violently are the waters moved that they rise like ocean waves, to the hight of 20 feet. At this point they computed the depth at 210 feet

What ails you? Is it a disordered liver giving you a yellow skin or costive bowles, which have resulted in distressing Piles or do your Kidneys refuse to perform their functions? If so your system will soon be clogged with poisons. Take a few doses of Kidney-Wort and you'll feel like a new man—nature will throw off every impediment and each organ will be ready for duty.

The October number of "Godey's Lady's Book" is already to hand. "All Hallow e'en" forms the subject of Mr. Darley's spirited scene, illustrated on the steel-plate. The colored fashion plate will greatly please the ladies, and the designs for patterns are numerous. The reading matter is quite interesting. Subscribers will send the current volume for $1. Address the Godey's Lady's Book Publishing Company, Phila.

A dispatch dated Cape Town, September 9, says: King Cetywayo left Port Dunferd on the 4th inst., and his arrival here is hourly expected. Quarters have been prepared for him at the castle. All the remaining hostile chiefs in Zululand have surrendered to the British authorities.

FROM THE WEST.

ED REPORTER:

It may be of interest to many of the readers of the Reporter, especially in Potter township, to read a few lines concerning a trip during my vacation, through part of Michigan and Illinois. In speaking of this trip I shall endeavor to confine myself to such parts and topics as may best interest your readers, knowing that your space is valuable during the political discussions. About ten years ago the tide of emigration from Pennsylvania swept to Michigan and Illinois, since new territory was opened and settled farther west, which engaged the thoughts of those desiring to better their condition. Although Kansas, Nebraska, and other western states are now the centre of attraction to emigrants, it may be of profit to examine the condition of those who left Centre ten years ago. It is impossible to form a correct estimate of a country's advantages and disadvantages, until sufficient time is given to bring it under its highest cultivation the soil will admit. Let us therefore direct our attention to Barrien county, Mich., which ten years ago was comparatively new country, and receives the influx of many Pennsylvania emigrants. It is located in the southwestern corner of the state and bordering on the great Lake. The country is rolling; the soil, sandy and very productive. This county has very fine timber in abundance though it is rapidly cut down to get the land under cultivation. To give a proper description of my visit here, I am obliged to mention a few names of Pennsylvanians. When I arrived at Berrian Springs, it was my pleasure to meet Dr. Reiber, at whose house I was hospitably entertained. The Doctor moved here several years ago and is now one of the leading physicians of the county. I next visited the following families: Adam Stem, Francis Fleisher, Ira Stem, John and Israel Stover, who live very close. For want of time I could not call on a number of other Centre county families who live near, but from reports they also flourish. Here the people are mostly all owners of land and are engaged in cultivating large quantities of fruit, such as blackberries, grapes, peaches apples and pears. The fruit is picked in the afternoon and delivered at the steamboat landings along the river, from which it is shipped over the Lake to Chicago in time for the next morning market. In this way a man having a few acres of grapes and berries has employment for all summer and a large income. It is a fine sight to walk through several acres of vines loaded down with their delicious fruit. Large quantities of wheat and corn are produced; some fields yielded forty bushels to the acre this season.

Michigan, like all other states has its advantages and disadvantages. It requires considerable work to cut down these huge forests and prepare the soil for cultivation, but it well pays to do so. On the whole I will say these old Pennsylvanians are very prosperous; they at first had many difficulties to encounter, but now reap the fruits of their labor. Now the question arises, did they better their condition by going west? My answer is yes, decidedly so. Many came quite destitute and now own fine farms.

Having already taken considerable of your space I will write concerning Illinois at some future time.

D. J. MITTERLING.

A BOSTON HORROR.

Destruction of a Tenement House by Fire—Five Dead Bodies Taken From the Ruins.

Boston, September 18.—The list of dead taken from the tenement house on Gold street which was burned last night comprises five persons, which may be increased to seven or eight.

Mary, a woman fifty years old, who, when she might have escaped by walking only about six feet, became bewildered and swooned in her room. She was taken out in an apparently dying condition, and removed to station No. 6 with the other victims of the fire.

The theory of the police respecting the origin of the fire is that it was caused by the overturning or explosion of a kerosene lamp used by Mrs. Gillespie. This woman was drunk last evening and is said to have left the house and called "fire" about the time the fire was discovered, and then to have gone back into the house where she was smothered.

DEADWOOD DESTROYED.

THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE HOMELESS AND IN A DESTITUTE CONDITION—LOSS ESTIMATED BETWEEN ONE AND TWO MILLIONS OF DOLLARS AND ONLY A SMALL AMOUNT OF INSURANCE.

Deadwood, Sept. 26.—At 2 o'clock this morning a fire broke out in a bakery on Sherman street, and the flames spreading rapidly almost the entire business portion of the city was consumed. Thousands of people have been made homeless and left in a destitute condition. The loss is roughly estimated at from $1,500,000 to $2,000,000, on which there is little or no insurance.

All along its course terrific explosions of gunpowder, petroleum, liquor, &c., were of frequent occurrence. Buildings were blown into atoms. The hook and ladder apparatus and hose carriage were the first things to burn, leaving nothing but a few feet of worthless hose with which to battle the devouring element. The new water works were tried for the first time yesterday, and this morning they were put to their full capacity, with little success in subduing the flames, on account of the scarcity of water. The hillsides were almost a solid sheet of flame. Hundreds of people escaped with only their night clothes. Every team within miles of the city was called into service to help save what could be got out. There are probably about 2,000 people who are homeless and many destitute.

WILLIAM, SECOND SON OF COLONEL ELI SLIFER INSTANTLY KILLED.

On Monday afternoon William Slifer, second son of Col. Eli Slifer, was instantly killed while quarrying stone, in company with two or three others, to his farm in Kelley township, about a mile west of Lewisburg. It appears that they had been undermining in a certain part of the quarry leaving a large quantity of stone and earth to project over. Under this projection Mr. Slifer was working, when, on a sudden, there came down upon him about forty tons of this earth and stone, completely burying him, from which he was removed after ten or fifteen minutes work. On examination it was found that his neck, shoulder and thigh were broken, and his face somewhat disfigured. Mr. Slifer was a hard-working young man, and one held in high esteem by those who knew him. He leaves a widow and five small children to mourn his loss.—*Mifflinburg Telegraph*, 24.

GREAT FIRE AT KIEV.

London, Sept. 22.—The *Yestnik* (newspaper), of Odessa, publishes a letter from Kiev, describing a terrible fire which occurred in that city on the 2d inst. While a furious storm was raging the fire broke out in seven different places. The offices of the fire brigade and the chief police station, a gunpowder magazine and four petroleum stores were simultaneously set on fire. The whole city was wrapped in a thick black cloud of smoke, and every now and them the people were terrified by a series of detonations and loud explosions. The entire garrison and the firemen of the suburbs and many of the inhabitants labored indefatigably to extinguish the fire; but despite their efforts it continued until the morning of the second day after it broke out. The loss was enormous. Many lives were lost, including those of several children.

PITCHED BATTLE WITH THE INDIANS IN NEW MEXICO.

Washington, September 19.—The following dispatch is from Col. Hatch, at Santa Fe, New Mexico: "I have just received the following from McEvers, near Hillsboro': 'We had a five hours' fight with all of one hundred Indians. We have ten killed and several wounded. All our stock is gone. I have sent every available soldier out with Dawson and Day. I hear Beyer, Hugo and Lieut. Wright are all in the vicinity and should be able shortly to overtake the Indians.'"

FOUR MEN KILLED AND ONE MAN BADLY INJURED.

Chicago, Sept. 22.—The tug C. W. Parker, while towing the schooner S. A. Wood to Evanstown, burst her boiler at nine o'clock this morning, when off Lincoln park. The following were killed: Robert Lakey, captain; John Callaghan, engineer; Peter Rodgers, fireman, and Wm. Burton, Cook. The only man on the tug who survived, Wm. M'Guire, a deck hand, is badly injured.

Now for '79—'80.

THE EXAMINER AND CHRONICLE.

[Established in 1823]

The Leading Baptist Newspaper,

Will be Delivered by Mail, Postage Prepaid, to New Subscribers, From Oct., 1, 1879, to Jan. 1, 1880,

FOR 30 CENTS.

The Price of one year's subscription being $2,50.

This is done to enable every family to see, at the least possible price, what the paper is.

No name obtained under this offer will be continued beyond January 1, 1880 at the regular subscription price.

THE EXAMINER COMPRISES

A current event Expositor,
A living pulpit and platform,
A series of able "topics for the times,"
A missionary and Baptist event record,
A Sunday School Institute,
An educational advocate,
A literary, theological, scientific and art review,
A popular story page, family miscellany and puzzlers realm,
A house, farm and garden department,
A market reporter, &c., &c.,
All conducted in an outspoken, wide awake and popular manner.

THE EXAMINER AND CHRONICLE is one of the largest sized eight-paged papers, and is distinctively a Family Newspaper, with interesting and instructive reading for every member of the household, from the oldest to the youngest. In making it the editor has the co-operation of the best newspaper, magazine and review writers of the day.

SAMPLE COPIES FREE.

For terms to canvassers for 1879-'80 address P. O. Box 3855, New York City;

CUT THIS OUT AND SAVE IT.—

A correspondent writes to an exchange as follows about the flower of a well-known plant:

"I have discovered a remedy for consumption. It has cured a number of cases after they had commenced bleeding at the lungs and the hectic flush was already on the cheek. After trying this remedy to my own satisfaction, I have thought philanthropy required that I should let it be known to the world. It is common mullen, steeped strongly and sweetened with coffee sugar, and freely drank. Young or old plants are good, dried in the shade and kept in clean bags. The medicine must be continued from three to six months, according to the nature of the disease. It is very good for the blood vessels also. It strengthens and builds up the system instead of taking away the strength. It makes good blood and takes inflamation away from the lungs."

It is the wish of the writer that every periodical in the United States, Canada and Europe should publish this recipe for the benefit of the human family. Lay this up and keep it in the house ready for use.

Camphor Milk cures headache and neuralgia.
Camphor Milk cures rheumatism and lame back.
Camphor Milk cures cuts, bruises and burns.
Camphor Milk costs 25 ct.; 5 bottles $1.
Sold by J. D. Murray, Centre Hall.

ELECTION PROCLAMATION.

GOD SAVE THE COMMONWEALTH.

I, JOHN SPANGLER, High Sheriff of the County of Centre, Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, do hereby make known and give notice to the electors of the County aforesaid, that an election will be held in the said County of Centre

On Tuesday November 4, 1879,

It being the Tuesday following the first Monday of November, (the polls to be opened at seven o'clock A. M. and closed at seven o'clock P. M.), at which time the freeman of Centre County will vote by ballot for the following officers, namely:

One person for the office of State Treasurer of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania;

One person for the office of Jury Commissioner;

One person for the office of Coroner.

I also hereby make known and give notice that the places of holding the aforesaid election in the several Boroughs and Townships within the County of Centre are as follows, to wit:

For the Township of Haines, at the public house of I. D. Boyer (Aaronsburg).

For the Township of Half Moon, at the school house in Stormstown.

For the township of Taylor, at the house erected for that purpose, on the property of Leonard Merryman.

For the township of Miles, in the school house in the town of Rebersburg.

For the township of Potter (Northern precinct), at the public house of D. J. Moyer, in Centre Hall.

For the township of Potter (Southern precinct), at the public house of D. H. Ruhl, at Potter's Mills.

For the Township of Gregg, at the public house owned by J. B. Fisher, Penn Hall.

For the Township of College, in the school house at Lemont.

For the Township of Ferguson (old precinct), in the school house at Pine Grove.

For the Township of Ferguson (new precinct), at the school house at Baileyville.

For the Township of Harris, in the school house at Boalsburg.

For the township of Patton, at the house of Peter Murray.

For the Borough of Bellefonte, and the townships of Spring and Benner, at the Court house in Bellefonte.

For the Township of Walker, in the school house a Hublersburg.

For the Borough and Township of Howard, at the school house of said Borough.

For the Township of Rush, at the Cold Stream school house.

For the township of Snow Shoe, at the school house at Snow Shoe station.

For the township of Marion, at the house of Joel Kling, in Jacksonville.

For the Borough of Milesburg, at the school house in Milesburg.

For the Township of Boggs, at the new school house in Central City.

For the Township of Huston, at the Silver Dale school house.

For the Township of Penn, at the public house of William S. Musser.

For the Borough of Millheim, at the school house opposite the Evangelical church in said Borough.

For the township of Liberty, at the school house at Eagleville.

For the township of Worth, at the school house at Port Matilda.

For the township of Burnside, at the house of J. K. Boak.

For the township of Curtin, at the school house near Robert Mann's.

For the Borough of Unionville and the Township of Union, at the new school house in Unionville.

For the Borough of Philipsburg, in new school house in said Borough.

NOTICE is also hereby given, "That every person excepting the justices of the peace, who shall hold any office or appointment of any profit or trust under the Government of the United States, or of this State, or of any city or incorporated district, whether a commissioned officer or otherwise, subordinate officer or agent who is or shall be employed under the Legislative, Executive, or Judiciary Department of this State, or of the United States, or of any city or incorporated district; and also that every member of Congress or State Legislature, and of the select or common Council of any city, or commissioners of any incorporated district, is by law incapable of holding or exercising, at the same time, the office or appointment for Judge, Inspector or clerk of any election of this Commonwealth; and that no Inspector, Judge or other officer of any such election, shall be eligible to any office to be then voted for."

Given under my hand and seal, at my office in Bellefonte, this 20th day of September, in the year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Seventy-Nine, and in the One Hundred and Third year of the Independence of the United States.

JOHN SPANGLER,
Sheriff of Centre County.

Oct. 2.

E. F. Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron.

It has never been known to fail in the cure of weakness attended with symptoms, indisposition to exertion, loss of memory, difficulty of breathing, weakness, horror of disease, weak, nervous trembling, dreadful horror of death, night sweats, cold feet, weakness, dimness of vision, languor, universal lassitude of the muscular system, enormous appetite, &c. Sold by druggists in $1 00 bottles or six bottles for $5. Get it of your druggist. If he has it not, send to proprietor, E. F. Kunkel, 259 N. Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa. Advice free; send three-cent stamp.

WORMS. WORMS. WORMS.

E. F. Kunkel's Worm Syrup never fails to destroy Pin, Seat, and Stomach Worms. Dr. Kunkel, the only successful physician who removes Tape Worm in two hours, alive with head, and no fee until removed. Common sense teaches if Tape Worms be removed all other worms can be readily destroyed. Advice at office and store, free. The doctor can tell whether or not the patient has worms. Thousands are dying daily, with worms, and do not know it. Fits, spasms, cramps, choking and suffocation, sallow complexion, circles around the eyes, swelling and pain in the stomach, restless at night, grinding of the teeth, picking at the nose, cough, fever, itching at the seat, headache, foul breath, the patient grows pale and thin, tickling and irritation in the anus,—all these symptoms, and more, come from worms. E. F. Kunkel's Worm Syrup never fails to remove them. Price, $1 00 per bottle, or six bottles for $5 00. (For Tape Worm, write and consult the Doctor.) For all others, buy of your druggist the Worm Syrup and if he has it not, send to Dr. E. F. Kunkel, 259 N. Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Advice by mail, free; send three-cent stamp.

17jult

Do You Feel Bad?

Languid, Depressed in Spirit, Chilly, have you Headache, Pain in the Shoulders or back, Dizziness, Coated Tongue

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

Centre Hall, Pa, Th'rsd. Oct. 2, '79.

☞ TERMS.—$2 *per year, when paid in advance; $2.50 when not paid in advance. Advertisements 20cts per line for three insertions, and 5 cents per line for every subsequent insertion. Advertisements by the year at a liberal discount.*

Subscribers outside the county should remit us 10 cts, amount of one year's postage, instead of 20cts as formerly when paid by themselves.

Subscribers can always tell how their accounts stand at the Reporter office by consulting the lables on their papers. If the lable reads "John Roe 1 jan '78" it means that John is indebted for subscription from the 1st of January, 1878, and that it is time he was paying the printer.

LOCAL ITEMS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

CENTER HALL LODGE, No. 889, I. O. of O. F., meets every Saturday evening in the Odd Fellows Hall.
G. L. GOODHART, Sec'y. W. R. FROM, N. G.

OLD FORT LODGE, No. 357, F. A. M., meets on Monday evening on or before each full moon in the Masonic Hall.
C. F. HERLACHER, Sect. J. J. ARNEY, W. M.

PROGRESS GRANGE, No. 96, P of H, meets at their Hall, Centre Hall on the Saturday on or before full moon at 2 P. M. and every two weeks after. JAS. A. Keller Master. LEONARD KRUNE, Sect.

—Wallace, Jenks, and Curtin, on Tuesday eve, 14 Oct. at Bellefonte. Turn out.

—The fly is after the wheat in Juniata and Mifflin counties.

—Rebersburg now has a daily mail from Coburn station.

—Hon. Samuel Linn and John H. Mitchell, Esq., have formed a law partnership at Williamsport.

—L. Dolls, is headquarters for any thing in the line of boots and shoes, and for the lowest prices.

—Last Friday morning there was ice on the water in some localities of this valley. Overcoats are to the front now.

—Rev. Robinson has resigned as pastor of the Presbyterian charge here and intends to accept a call from Juniata county. The present charge looses him with regret.

—If Powers & Son do not beat all the rest for low prices and the best assortment of boots and shoes, then the sun do move.

—At 10 cents per head, Keller's observatory yielded about $50 on the day of the patrons' pic-nic.

A panther killed four head of cattle on the "Big Prairie," in Goshen, Clearfield, a few days ago. The cattle were graning, with 300 others, in a piece of mountain land covered with a good growth of grass.

—Samples of very large Peerless potatoes, raised by Michael Hess, of Harris, were sent to this office. They are fine, and one would make more than a meal for a fellow.

—Manassah Boyer, blacksmith, of New Berlin, who is the best judge of horses' feet and the best horse shoer in that vicinity, put on four horse shoes in seven minutes and twenty-eight seconds, and finished the hoofs nicely. Can any blacksmith on the Reporter list beat that?

—Lots of people did a good thing this week, and have learned something to their benefit, by purchasing their table groceries at Sechlers, the great headquarters for all goods in the grocery line. They keep only what is first class and that as low as what others will charge you for a stale and inferior article. Ask any one who deals at Sechlers, and you will be told that the best and cheapest can always be found there. It is headquarters in every sense.

—From Aaronsburg we are informed that Mr. David Kreamer, its oldest citizen, is about expiring. Also that Mr. Nie is very ill and that Mrs. Daniel Wolf is low of typhoid fever.

—You can save money by purchasing boots and shoes at Louis Dolls, who has the finest assortment in Bellefonte.

—Prof. Bitner's select school will give an exhibition and literary entertainment on Friday night. Let all attend, and witness the performances.

—Call at Lee's for a handsome buggy —he turns out the finest and best on short notice, whether ordered by mail or otherwise. Work all warranted.

—The Williamsport lumbermen have agreed to advance all grades of lumber $2 per thousand.

—The new road from Aaronsburg to the railroad is now open. There is some talk of connecting it with the main pike and erecting a tole gate south of Aaronsburg. This would make, with the Millheim gate 5, toll-gates near those places. Really that should gather in the nickels.

—The equinoctial storm last week seemed to have postponed itself that the Grangers might have a nice pic-nic day on 25. Old probabilities must be a patron.

—At Louis Doll's under the Brockerhoff is where you get the best and cheapest boots and shoes.

—The miners in the Clearfield county, Pa., region, principally around Houtzdale went on a strike on the check weighman business.

—A lady bought a pair of shoes at Doll's and thereby saved enough of stamps to take her and children to the fair. Just think!

—Attention is called to the card of George Koch, who can dispose of your loose property with slick tongue and profit to all who have a vendu.

—All the finest wedding suits come from Newman's at the Eagle Clothing Hall. You can get the dressiest and most stylish clothes there in the state, and cheaper than elsewhere. Newman always makes it a point to send off every customer knowing that he has a bargain—that plan always brings new trade, and the reason why the King Clothier sells five times as much as any other house.

ITEMS.—Prof. Krise is improving his dwelling. Wm. B. Mingle is giving his house several coats of paint. The waters in all parts of the county are low. Potatoes are selling at 20 and 25 cents. Maj. Fisher has one of the handsomest barns in the county. There is a rumor that Millheim wants to throw off the boro again. Aaronsburg a correspondent says, recently had, not a little tempest in a teapot, but a tempest about its water business.

—Clothing made to order at Newman's who has the services of one of the best Philadelphia tailors—and all work warranted to fit at prices the lowest.

—Give Sechler's grocery a call when at Bellefonte, fair week, or at any other time it will always pay you to do so.

PIMPLES AND BLOTCHES on the face can be removed by rubbing with Camphor Milk. It cost only 25 cts. per bottle. J. D. Murray, Centre Hall. 7 aug 4t

—Go to your store or druggist and get a bottle of Frank P. Green's compound syrup of tar, honey and bloodroot, the best remedy out for a cough, cold, croup, asthma, or early stage of consumption.

—Scribner's opens with an interesting and instructive paper on the "Ups and Downs of Leadville," well illustrated. "Field Sports in Minnesota;" "Edison's System of Fast Telegraphy;" "Rio Janeiro," &c., are representative articles of this valuable No. Scribner improves (if such a thing is possible) with age.

St. Nicholas is crowded with matter of pleasure and instruction for young people. Twenty-six leading articles and departments, well written and profusely illustrated, make up this No. St. Nicholas should have a place in every young person's library. Scribner & Co., New York.

Phœnix Pectoral will cure your cough.
Phœnix Pectoral cures hoarseness quickly.
Phœnix Pectoral tastes good and brings rest.
Phœnix Pectoral costs 25 cts; 6 bottles $1.
Sold by J. D. Murray, Centre Hall.

—Wm. Beck, Piano Tuner, Bellefonte. Charges reasonable. tf

—Last Friday evening there were mysterious movements observed on the part of persons in our village and the dwelling of one of our esteemed neighbors was entered. The stars twinkled from a cloudless sky as if to wink to orb and constellation that mischief was on the carpet. All movements seemed to have the residence of Wm. Wolf as their objective—young men with ladies, parents with their children, boys, girls, and the rest. Soon the sitting room was full, then the parlor, and still they came. All brought a smile, but the Wolf family wore a surprise—what did it mean? Glad to see all, but didn't know it, and couldn't fix up. But that didn't matter, and was just as the large number of callers intended it should be—a surprise party, upon the 25th anniversary of the marriage of Wm. Wolf to Miss Annie Witmer, the celebration of the silver wedding, and to congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Wolf upon a quarter of a century of happy wedded life, and to express to them a hope that they might be spared to crown it all with the celebration of a golden wedding, a quarter of a century hence. The house of course was soon lit up, and a reception given as hearty as were the congratulations. Hours were spent in pleasant social chat, music upon the piano and organ, topped off with refreshments—cakes, nuts, fruit, lemonade, &c., and then with plays by the younger ones until near the hour when the stars are dimmed by the approach of twilight.

At one stage of the pleasurable occasion, the bride, groom, bridesmaid and groomsman, of the wedding-day of 25 years ago, appeared among the friends dressed in the identical garments worn upon that day, which was quite a novelty and surprise to all, as it served to show the fashions of "ye olden time."

As a surprise it was a success—and the friends were amply repaid by the hospitality of the surprised ones in return for the pleasant trick and good wishes of friends and neighbors.

—Some 30 bushels of oats have been stolen from Joseph Crotzer, 2 miles west of here, along with other articles, from time to time. Joseph is getting tired of this, and those fellows had better look a little out.

—All fine groceries, canned goods, pickels, sauces, oils, oranges, lemons, cranberries, &c., at Sechler's, and strictly pure spices. They handle no impure or adulterated goods of any kind. We freely and cheerfully testify to this as a fact and from our own experience.

—An immense stock of new and stylish Clothing has been purchased by Guggenheimer and he intends to astonish all Pennsvalley with his new branch store, Oct. 15.

—Madisonburg is to have a new church built by the Reformed. Mr. W. B. Royer has contracted to furnish the bricks for the church. Myers, Frank and Leitzel are the moulders they mould 6000 per day..... The Union Town Hall has also been painted over lately .....The corn is nearly all on shocks.

—An interesting chapter from our correspondent, "G." appears in this issue, upon our earliest schools.

—Go to Frank Blair's and get a patent eye shade—only 50 cents.

—Tuesday was warm and pleasant, also Wednesday—roads dusty and waters low.

—The Tusseyville band will hold a festival and fair, commencing Thursday eve., 16, and ending Saturday eve., 18. All kinds of refreshments and auction of valuable articles, etc., on the program.

—The grandest display of Dry goods just opened at Loeb's, the best store in the county.

—The boys seem to be angry with the chestnut trees just now,—they will not pass one without giving it a clubbing or a stoning.

—All the buggies, wagons, &c., made at Murray's Coach Shops, are noted for durability, and this old and well established shop will continue to maintain its reputation by the manufacture of all buggies, wagons, &c., of the best material and by the most skilled mechanics.

—The Concert given by Blind Charley, in this place on Monday evening, was all that the bills promised, and, besides the good cause he is serving and his condition, altogether worthy the support of all who love good music. It is wonderful with what skill he can manipulate the organ or piano, or two at a time, and even perform three pieces at one time—thus excelling any musician we know of even with eyes to see. We recommend Blind Charley, and none will regret a quarter to hear him.

—The most reliable grain market in Spring Mills is at I. J. Grenoble's.

—Good news for all that the best place to purchase goods during the fair, or at any other time, is at Bauland's, in the Beehive one price dry goods store. The finest goods in market and the lowest prices and best bargains at the Beehive.

—List of letters remaining in the post-office at Centre Hall, Pa., November 1st, 1879:

J. B. Calhoun, Jacob Walkey, David Miller, J. Barger. J. A. REESMAN, P.M.

—During fair week, if you want the best place to stop at, go to the Bush house, Mr. Hoppes is one of the pleasantest hotelists in the state, and will make you feel just like at home.

—All are on tip-toe for Guggenheimer's new branch Clothing store, to be opened at Centre Hall, Oct. 15.

—The stock of boots and shoes, in every variety and style, at Powers' is astonishing. Any one can find there what he wants, and honest, fair and square dealing. Take our word for that.

—500 bushels choice, picked winter apples wanted at Grenoble's store, Spring Mills.

Frank Leslie's *Popular Monthly* for October.—Joaquin Miller's New Novel of Western Life.—Among the many brilliant attractions of the present number is the commencement of a new novel, entitled, "Two Babes in the Wood," by the famous "Poet of the Sierras." The opening chapters give promise of a story of thrilling interest, characterized by a vivid imagination, picturesque power of description and striking originality. No one is better acquainted than the author with our mountain life. "The Modern Pharoah" is an exceedingly interesting, elaborate article by Edwin De Leon, with reference to the new history of the ancient land of Egypt. It is profusely illustrated. There are admirable articles on "Archery, Past and Present," "Festivals in India," "Lisbon and Oporto," "Shooting Stars," etc., all finely illustrated. The re are stories, sketches, etc., by Jane G. Austin, Etta W. Pierce, Amelia E Barr, and other popular writers; Poems by William Wordsworth. Helen W. Pierson, etc., etc. The miscellaneous articles embrace a large variety of subjects, combining with entertainment a vast fund of information. The 128 quarto pages afford delightful reading, and the illustrations are fine works of art; they number nearly one hundred, besides a beautiful chromo frontispiece, "Jerome's Death of Cæsar." Single copies are only 26 cents, and the annual subscription $3, postpaid. Address, Frank Leslie's Publishing House, 53, 55, 57 Park Place.

—Powers never take the advantage of any customers who buy boots and shoes of them. Let every one remember that they make good all they say and sell—and that's what we call honest business.

The following is the Germantown Telegraph's simple remedy for frost bites. Extract the frost by the application of ice water till the frozen part is pliable, but let no artificial heat touch it; then apply a salve made of equal parts of hogs' lard and gunpowder, rubbed together until it forms a paste, and in less than twenty-four hours the frozen part will be well.

For hog cholera use a mixture of soft soap and milk. Pour soap suds of wash days into the swill barrels, it will make hogs thrive.

Great Democratic MASS MEETING!!

There will be a Mass Meeting of citizens of Centre county at the COURT-HOUSE IN BELLEFONTE, on Tuesday Evening, Oct. 14, 1879, which will be addressed by

Hon. W. A. WALLACE, United States Senator,

Hon. GEO. A. JENKS, of Brookville, and

Ex-Gov. ANDREW G. CURTIN.

It is hoped that there will be a full turn out by citizens from all parts of the county. All parties are invited to come and hear the issues, now exciting the public mind, discussed by honest, able and faithful public men.

By order of the Committee.

D. F. FORTNEY, Chairman.

GREAT PIC-NIC ON NITTANY MOUNTAIN.

Last Thursday 25, saw one of the largest gatherings, on the mountain near Centre Hall, yet held in this county, save perhaps the main days at our county fairs. It was the grand annual pic-nic of the Patrons of Husbandry, at which were gathered not only the grangers but almost every body else with their sweethearts, their cousins and their aunts. The day was fine, but a little cool in the morning.

Early in the morning streams of vehicles came pouring through here, and continued thus until noon. From the other side the county the same was true—nothing but wagons, buggies, carriages, &c., coming, coming, all the time. The grounds on the mountain have been fenced in for pic-nic purposes, stands are provided for hucksters, seats for the audience, an observatory, &c., all tending to make it one of the most convenient pleasure grounds in central Penn'a while the view is one of the most magnificent in the state.

Four bands were present, and furnished excellent music, viz: The Churchville band, Farmers' Mills, Zion and Pine Hall bands.

At the proper hour the audience was called to order, and the following officers chosen:

President—Geo. W. Campbell.

Vice-Presidents—Jacob Dunkle, Jno. Musser, Jacob Keen, Jno. Alexander.

Sec'y—Geo. Tayler, Wm, Kerr.

After prayer by Rev. Shaver, the address of Welcome was delivered by Deputy Rhone, whose address follows below, when an adjournment was had. Many tables were provided for spreading cloths, and the grounds for half a mile around the main stand were dotted with family groups who spread their cloths on the green. There was an abundance of every thing in the line of fowls, meats, cakes, pies, jellies, fruits—in fact it was a feast of the fat things of good old Centre.

At 1½ p. m. the call to order sounded, when an address was delivered by Dr. Calder, who gave his experience in visiting other granges, spoke of the good the order had accomplished for the people, and extolled our common school system as worthy the support of the order, and that they might strive to bring it to a still higher standard.

Dr. Calder was followed by Col. Jas. F. Weaver, who spoke of the objects of the Grange, and its origin, that it was non-partizan and for the general good. The Col. also lauded our common school system, and advocated raising it to a higher standard.

We should like to refer more at length to the addresses of Dr. Calder and Col. Weaver, and write out many incidents connected with this the best and largest pic-nic ever held in this county, but having been requested to print the speech of Deputy Rhone entire, its length takes up all the space we should have otherwise devoted to other features of the occasion.

The main stand was handsomely decorated, ample seats for the audience were provided, the entrances to the grounds were spanned by arches of evergreens. The crowd was ettimated by some at 5000, we would put it at not over 4000. The woods was alive with human beings and horses and vehicles blocked every way.

The best order prevailed, and no accidents.

ADDRESS OF DEPUTY RHONE.

Fellow Patrons and Citizens:—I can but feel grateful for the high honor conferred upon me in being selected to make the opening address at this sixth great annual gathering of Patrons of Husbandry of Centre county.

I appreciate this expression of regard the more highly from the fact that it comes from the farming class of our county. I am glad that there are so many present on this re-union occasion of the Patrons of Husbandry, I am glad of the opportunity to meet once more face to face with the Patrons of Centre, Mifflin and Clinton counties, and to express my gratitude for the unvarying kindness and generous feelings they have ever manifested toward me.

It is with sincere pleasure that I perform the duty that has been assigned me on this occasion as Master of the Centre County Pomona Grange, to tender to you all, Patrons, farmers, mechanics, laborers, and those of every calling and pursuit who have the magnanimity of heart and nobleness of mind to say God speed to our beloved order, a hearty greeting, and cordially bid you welcome to our sixth annual gathering, which has been cast upon this grand, and pleasant summit of Nittany mountain, a spur at the base of the Alleganies from where as if in forgetfulness they lingered in facination, taking a long and final look as it were at the grand and beautiful Pennsvalley which spreads out so charmingly below from where the Alleganies roll up tier after tier to their Crescent, till they appear like ocean-waves and storms petrified. I welcome you from the valley of the West-branch of the Susquehanna, I welcome you from the vallies of the Juniatta and the Kishacoquillas. I welcome you from the Mountains and from the rivers and the streams who have come up hither to celebrate our annual autumnal gathering and "Harvest Home." I invite you all to freely participate in the rich and unalloyed enjoyment of the day.

We have met together to-day from all parts of our county and from adjoining counties for the purpose of extending to one another friendly greetings, and if possible to more firmly unite and fraternize the elements of Agricultural life; to foster and cement more strongly by a mutual understanding the great principels of the order of Patrons of Husbandry.

A more fitting time for the Patrons reunion could not have been chosen, it being at the closing days of the summer, days of comparative leisure to the farmer, it is but natural for him to join his fellow laborers with their families for a day of festivities and general enjoyment.

A rural gathering for pleasure like this, away from the decorations of artistic splendor in the City Hall, or the fashionable places of the rich sheltered only by the green foliage of the forests of the surrounding hills which are turning into the sear leaf; the fresh oders of an entire land-scape coming to us on every passing breeze and above all as far as eye can reach, well built homes and cultivated fields; the rewards of rural industry; such plainness, such natural and unfeigned simplicity—such gushing impulses of rural friendship while partaking of their bountious repast are in harmony with the best impulses of our nature; who could here refrain from participating or sharing in the refreshing influences of such a gathering or re-union of the people of the rural districts.

What scene more dignified or delightful than to see as we have here hundreds of happy, intelligent farmers collected from all parts of our county and adjoining counties; not to engage in political and party strife, but meet together for their countrys good, consulting how best to promote and fraternize in bonds of union the once distracted and divided agricultural class of our country, with no waring elements, no heart-burnings of any sort, but peace and good will animating every bosom; bringing into social and profitable intercourse those who would otherwise have remained strangers and estranged to one another. Mr. President, should not such scenes be well calculated to gladden the heart of every wise and good citizen of our government? But if you please go back with me only twelve years to the time before the establishment of the order of Patrons of Husbandry in the county, what a contrast you will find among the agricultural class then and now; the farmers were divided and indifferent to one another and had no such gathering as the Patrons have held in our county for the last five or six years and as we find here to-day; they were then divided and under the entire control of politicians and demagogues who periodically tramp like traveled the country in the interest of political parties to stir up strife in the rural districts upon issues that were merely partizan in character and ruinous to the agricultural class and to the country.

It was partizen politics that plunged our country into civil war. It is partisan politics that prevents the return of peace, prosperity and confidence to our country. It is partisan politics that keeps up the unprofitable agitation of state sovereignty which is of no interest to the farming or the industrial classes. It was partisan politics that forced the premature resumption of specie payment to the irreparable injury of the farming and producing classes. It is partisan politics that wants an unlimited paper currency which would be of no lasting benefit to the farming and industrial classes of our country. It was partisan politics that prevented the farming class from organizing in the past, to their almost irreparable injury and ruin. Gentlemen, we understand the issues that are kept before the people for partisan purposes, they are of no interest to the agricultural class or for the good of our country: You can continue to trot out all the hoodlums of the drinking saloons and gambling hells to the primary elections for the sole purpose of keeping out the intelligent farmers, mechanics and laborers, but, sirs, you cannot bind us by your actions at the polls. We give you fair warning that the intelligent farmer will not vote with any party that will not recognise and honor the farming class, which forms one-half of our country. We ask no special favors excepting those that our numbers and intelligence entitle us to. We want the agricultural class, that composes 25,000,000 of the people of our country, represented; we want an economical and just administration of the laws; we want peace and prosperity for our country.

The farmers, as American citizens, are tired of your State sovereigaty, specie payments and unlimited paper currency. We want a united people; we want a currency that will be of equal advantage to the farmer and money-lender, that will build up the industry of our country.

The Grange is not a political party; it puts no candidates in the field; as such, its principles are as high above partisan politics as the brilliancy of the sun is above that of the stars.

The Grange is not political, yet the principles we teach underlie all true politics, all true statesmanship. The educating principles of the Grange have already commenced their work among the people. The farmer no longer cares for the Democratic, Republican or any other parties as partisans. We ask no special favors of any political organization, but we demand what is ours by birth, by right and by the honors that should be ours.

Self-protection, to say nothing of the honors of the farming class, demands that the farmers receive an equal proportion of the positions of honor and trust in our government according to our proportion of the population.

The farmer has learned through the instrumentality of the Grange that it is not the farming class in the South or the farming class in the North that keeps up the bitter sectional strife in our country; but that it is kept up by demagogues, idlers and hoodlums of corrupt political rings for partisan purposes.

The National Grange of the Patrons of Husbandry has met in southern and northern cities welcomed alike and unmolested in the expression of our opinions, the farmers receiving one-another in fraternal greetings as brothers and sisters, pledging each other at the Alter of our beloved Order fidelity and friendship as long as time shall last.

I welcome these aged men and women before me, who have journied up hither, as it were, to make their last offering upon the Alter of our Order and to perform the last great rites of honor and blessing upon those of us who are younger in years. I feel just like going down there among you and learning lessons of wisdom from your trials and tribulations, and to pledge to you our fidelity and devotion to our beloved Order. O! we appreciate your solicitude and nobleness of character, of yet in your old age having the opportunity of witnessing the consumation of your long wished for alliance and union of our people. Poets may sing and historians write of deeds of valor and heroism, but yours will out-live them all and will be appreciated by future posterity and will permeate all the ramifications of society down till the last cycle of time. I welcome the young people—the boys and girls who are the hope of our Order. The places of those aged people that I just spoke of, in the Grange, you will soon be called on to occupy. If we get the young people into the Grange we will soon have all the old people—don't you see it? they will be the old people after a little while. We have forms and ceremonies entirely suited to your tastes, and you would be delighted with them. Then the grange also opens the way for you to honor, to positions and to usefulness in society. The destiny of our Order and our country is soon to be placed in your hands. This material must be had to build up and to perpetuate the Grange edifice.

In the language of the Master of the National Grange "let us firmly resolve that all geographical discriminations be forever ignored; that there be no Mason & Dixon's line; no sectional or special privileges within our doors or within our country. Devoted to the interests of a common cause, let us meet upon a common level and act in perpetual unity, ever striving, through the education of the masses, for the permanent establishment of our Order and the perpetuity of a common government, to the end that we may become a united, prosperous, free and happy people, down to the latest sylable of recorded time."

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial;
We should count time by heart throbs when they best;
For God, for man, for duty.
He most lives who thinks most—feels noblest—acts the best."

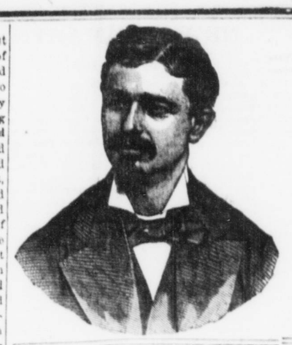
GRANT'S TOUR

AROUND THE WORLD.

A complete record of the journey of Gen. U. S. GRANT, through England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Spain Germany, Austria, Italy, Belgium, Switzerland, Russia, Egypt, India, China and Japan, and a full account of his arrival and reception at San Francisco, with a graphic description of the places visited, manners and customs of the countries, interesting incidents, enthusiastic orations by Emperors, Kings, and the people of all climes, richly embellished with several hundred artistic illustrations; also a fine handsome steel engraved portrait of Gen. Grant. Sure success to all who take hold; will positively outsell all books. Lose no time.

AGENTS WANTED to sell this, the cheapest, the best, and the only authentic low-priced book on the subject. 900 pages. Price $2.25. The sale of this book is immense. Address,

H. W. KELLEY & CO.
20oct4t 711 Sansom Street, Phila., Pa.



This space is reserved for J. NEWMAN, JR., the

KING CLOTHIER and MERCHANT TAILOR,

Bellefonte.

MARRIED.

On 25th, ult., by Rev. W. H. Stover, Mr. Michael Zeigler, of Walker, and Miss Rebecca C. Gramley, of Rebersburg.

Dyspepsia! Dyspepsia! Dyspepsia!

E. F. Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron, a sure cure for this disease. It has been prescribed daily for many years in the practice of eminent physicians with unparalelled success. Symptoms are loss of appetite, wind, and rising of food, dryness in mouth, headache, dizziness, sleeplessness, and low spirits. Get the genuine. Not sold in bulk, only in $1.00 bottles, or six bottles for $5.00. Ask your druggist for E. F. Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron and take no other. If he has it not, send to proprietor, E. F. Kunkel, 220 N. Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa. Advice free, enclose three cent stamp.

WORMS. WORMS. WORMS.

E. F. Kunkel's Worm Syrup never fails to destroy Pin, Seat, and Stomach Worms. Dr. Kunkel, the only successful physician who removes Tape Worm in two hours, alive with head, and no fee until removed. Common sense teaches if Tape Worms be removed all other worms can be readily destroyed. Advice at office and store, free. The doctor can tell whether or not the patient has worms. Thousands are dying daily with worms, and do not know it. Fits, spasms, cramps, choking and suffocation, sallow complexion, circles around the eyes, swelling and pain in the stomach, restless at night, grinding of the teeth, picking at the nose, cough, fever, itching at the seat, headache, foul breath, the patient grows pale and thin, tickling and irritation in the anus—all these symptoms, and more, come from worms. E. F. Kunkel's Worm Syrup never fails to remove them. Price, $1.00 per bottle, or six bottles for $5.00. (For Tape Worm write and consult the Doctor.) For all others, buy of your druggist the Worm Syrup, and if he has it not, send to Dr. E. F. Kunkel, 220 North Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa. Advice by mail, free, send three cent stamp. 9jly1t

MARKETS.

Philadelphia, September 29.—Flour Minnesota extra family, at $6 75@6 25; do, do., $6 75; western do, do., $6@6 75. Wheat is dull and irregular. Sales of 3,000 bushels at $1.24@1 26 for red and amber and $1 28 for No. 2 red, elevator. Rye at 75c Corn at 59@60c for mixed, and 60c for yellow. Oats at 33@33½c.

Chicago, September 29.—Wheat higher and closed at inside prices, No. 1 Chicago spring $1 10, Corn at 35½c for cash Oats 25½@26c for cash. Pork in fair demand at lower rates $9,70 for cash.

CATTLE MARKET.

Philadelphia, September 29.—Cattle fairly active sales 3,200 head, prime 5½c; good 4½@5c, medium 3½@4½c, common, 2½@3½c.

Sheep dull; sales 7,000 head prime 4½c, good 4@4½c medium to common 3½@3¾c, stock ewes 2½@2½c. Lambs dull; sales, 2,000 head, prime, 5½c; good 5@5½c medium 4½c; common, 3½@4c.

Hogs in fair demand; sales 4,700 head; prime 6c; good 5¾c medium 5½c; common 5½c.

Guaranteed Investments.

By our Insurance System of Investments in Stock Operations we insure indemnity from loss. No "Margins" or "Privilege plans. Investments received in sums of $25.00 and upward. Correspondence from stock operators solicited. Address,

DAMIS MAYNARD & CO., 18 Broadway, N. Y.
Oct. 2 4t.

GEO. BELL,

Tailor and Renovator, has located at Centre Hall, where he will be happy to meet the wants of all desiring clothes made in the Latest style and most Approved Fashion. Fits guaranteed. He will also clean and restore faded clothes and make them look good as new. Has a choice lot of samples. Cutting promptly attended to. Prices low. Room No. 1 over the Bank.

AUCTIONEER.—The undersigned respectfully offers his services to the citizens of Centre county, as an auctioneer. Several years successful experience enables him to render the utmost satisfaction in crying sales. GEO. KOCH.
Centre Hall, Oct. 1, 6m.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Samuel Royer, late of Potter township, dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to said decedent are requested to make immediate payment, and persons having claims against the estate will present them authenticated for settlement.

JNO. B. ROYER,
CATH. ROYER,
18sept 6t Administrators.

PUBLIC SALE!—Will be held at the late residence of Michael Hettinger, deceased in Gregg twp., on Saturday, Oct. 25, the following property will be sold: Two head work horses, three cows, nine head of young cattle, seven shoats, eight head of sheep one Wooster Clover Huller and Thresher, with Power, one Hay Fork with Rope and Pulleys. Four tons hay Two Plantation Wagons, two Work Plows, one Sulky Cultivator, two Corn Cultivators, one Corn-sheller, one Corn Scraper, one Pair of Bob-sleds, one Log Chain, also Buckeye Reaper and Mower and other farming utensils too numerous to mention, together with a lot of Household and Kitchen Furniture. Sale to commence at one o'clock, when terms will be made known by

AMELIA HETTINGER,
M. L. RISHEL.
Administrators.

REAL ESTATE AT PRIVATE SALE.—The undersigned offer at private sale, a tract of land situated in the Loop, in Potter twp., containing

FOUR HUNDRED ACRES,

more or less, Fifty acres of which are cleared, and the balance well timbered. There are on the premises a good FRAME HOUSE, a Log Barn, a SPRING OF NEVER-FAILING WATER, THREE ORCHARDS, and an excellent SITE FOR SAW MILL with good water power.

100 or 200 acres, with improvements will be sold separate if desired. The balance will be sold in lumber lots of 20, 30, or 50 acres, or the whole tract will be sold together at a low price and on easy terms.

For further information address,

A. S. KERLIN, Lewistown, Pa.,
or A. A. KERLIN, McAlevy's Fort, Pa.
14 aug tf

Prepared Coke

—FOR—

FAMILY USE.

The Bellefonte & Snow Shoe R. R. Co. having completed their Coke Breaker and Screens, are now prepared to furnish all sizes of Coke for Stoves, Ranges and Furnaces.

PRICE,

$3,00 per Ton of 2000 Pounds.

DANIEL RHODES,
2oct 3m Gen. Supt.

For the coming

Fall and Winter

TRADE

WE ARE FULLY PREPARED.

Now is the Time!

Select Your Goods

FROM

FRESH,

NEW STOCK.

GENTS' FRENCH CALF BOOTS AND GAITERS

MADE TO ORDER

A LARGE STOCK OF

Sole Leather, Calf-Skins, Kips,

ETC., ETC.,

At Bottom Prices.

E. GRAHAM & SON.
Dec'5 Bellefonte, Pa.

Spring Mills Market.

Wheat No 1	$1.10
Wheat No 2	$1,05
Rye,	45c.
Corn, ears, per bu. new,	40c
Oats,	25c.
Buckwheat,	75c.
Cloverseed,	$4.00 to $4 50
Chop, per ton,	$20.00.
Plaster, ground per ton,	$10.00
Flour, per bbl	$4.50
Barley	50 to 60c.
Butter,	14c.
Tallow,	6c.
Lard,	6c.
Ham,	12c.
Shoulders,	6c.
Eggs per doz.,	15c.
Tub washed wool	30c.

Coal, Retail.	By Car, Gross.
Egg, $5.00	$4 50
Stove, $5 25	$4 75
Chestnut, $5.00	$4 50
Pea, $3 25	$3.00

HARRY K. HICKS,

(Successor to T. A. Hicks & Bro.)

WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALER IN

Hardware, Stoves, Oils, Paints Glass, Putty, &c.,

☞ Also has the agency of the South Bend Chilled Plow for this county. ☜

I WILL NOT BE UNDERSOLD BY ANY PARTY THAT SELLS THE SAME QUALITY OF GOODS

Grand Fall Opening

At the BEE-HIVE

ONE PRICE EXCLUSIVE

DRY GOODS STORE.

I wish to inform the public that I have just received an immense Stock of Goods,

ALL NEW! ALL NEW!

And I am better prepared to furnish you with all your wants in my line, having made it a study to buy just such goods as are wanted; and, notwithstanding the advance on all goods, I am still selling them at the lowest market prices. My business is founded on the ONE PRICE SYSTEM, which you will find in all cities, Square Dealing and Honesty. My stock is complete in all its branches, consisting of

DRESS GOODS and SILKS, SHAWLS, CLOAKS and BLANKETS, HOUSEKEEPING GOODS,
NOTIONS and TRIMMINGS, DOMESTICS.
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CARPETS, &C.; &C., &C.

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ORGAN GRINDERS.

Some Interesting Facts About a Peculiar Class of People.

There are from one hundred and fifty to two hundred organ-grinders in the city of New York, all of whom, with probably half a dozen exceptions, are Italians. They form a peculiar and distinct class among the thousands who earn their living in the streets of the great metropolis, and the story of their lives and work has a special interest. About seven-tenths of them live in Mott, Baxter and Mulberry streets, while the greater portions of the remainder are to be found in the Eighth Ward, especially on Thompson and Mercer streets. Among themselves they are divided into two classes, those that came (or rather, that were sent) from Naples, and those that have lived at Genoa, Rome, Milan and other parts of Italy. The former are the lowest order of Italians, most of them having formerly been brigands and ex-convicts in their native lands, from whence they were driven some few years ago by the order of Victor Emmanuel. The Neapolitans live on the block in Mulberry street near the park, in medium-sized, old-fashioned tenement houses, in a state of wretchedness almost impossible to be described.

Between five and six o'clock on summer and six and seven on winter mornings, the organ-grinders start forth on their musical mission. They go in all directions—some traveling as far as Harlem bridge in New York, and others going beyond Prospect park in Brooklyn.

Some go to New Jersey, as far as towns in Morris county, and even beyond, returning the same day, late in the evening. Others go off during the summer on a tour through the country, not returning till the winter season. Those of this class are occasionally found in Pennsylvania or Massachusetts, and mention is made of one who made a summer trip to England. They earn from sixty cents to $1.50 a day, never more than that these times, though in former days $3 was the highest figure. They are very envious of each other's success. If one more prudent than the rest becomes rich and opens a store, they one and all shun him. "They try to break him," said a young Italian to me; "and if they find they can't break him, why, then they gradually come around and patronize him."

Sunday afternoon is the only time you can see the organ grinders at the Five Points, unless you care to go there at six o'clock in the morning or run the risk of being robbed by lingering for their return late in the evening. On Sunday, if the day is fine, you will find them standing in groups upon the street, sharing the experiences of the week—exchanging falsehoods would express it better, for they never give truthful accounts to each other. In the morning a few of them go to some Catholic church in the lower part of the city, though, as the sexton of one of these houses of worship remarked, they were of no account to get money from. How it was as to religion he did not know. Later in the afternoon and evening they may go out visiting, those residing in the lower part of the city visiting their friends in the Eighth ward, and vice versa. They drink stale beer—the drainings of beer kegs gathered up by another class of Italians early in the morning—at one cent a glass, and play cards "for the drinks" in the barrooms near their homes on Sunday afternoons. Their children, if boys, work mostly at blacking boots. One man spoke with pride at having a son employed on a steamboat, and another boasted of his boy being engaged at the Hoboken ferry.

Hand-organs are generally made to order, and cost, when new, from $85 to $200; the average price is $100. They play either eight or ten tunes. Second-hand organs can be had at from $30 to $70. The tunes are arranged by means of pins on a cylinder, on the same principle as that of the music-box. New tunes can be put in at any time by pulling out the pins representing an old tune and placing in new ones. A tune generally lasts one year before the public tires of it. On the other hand, it has to be pretty well known before it can be made popular on the organ. "The Sweet By-and-Bye" is the most popular tune at present in all parts of the country, while in the West many organs have been set to Moody and Sankey airs.—*Christian Union.*

Fishing in a Man's Stomach.

"I've swallowed my teeth," said Thomas Prout to the house surgeon of the New York Hospital. The surgeon looked inquiringly at Mr. Prout's mouth. To all appearances he was but one tooth short, and that an upper front one tooth. Mr. Prout explained. He said that nine days before, while asleep in his home in Cheshire, Mass., he was awakened by a sensation of choking and violent strangling, and, plainly felt that there was something unpleasantly hard and large making its way to his stomach. But he didn't know what it was until the next morning he discovered that his "plate" was missing. Then he came to the conclusion that he had swallowed the rubber plate to which was attached a single tooth. It was his custom to remove the false tooth and plate each night on going to bed, but that time he forgot to do so. The result of swallowing this large and irregularly-shaped article was that he became ill, could retain nothing in his stomach and was in great pain. He consulted the physicians, who dosed him with emetics and poked down his throat. All this only aggravated his suffering. He rapidly grew thin and in nine days lost thirty-five pounds.

The house surgeon at the hospital sent Mr. Prout to a ward and had him put to bed. Then he hunted up a long strip of whalebone, to which was attached a little hook. The doctor carefully introduced this instrument down Mr. Prout's throat and into his stomach. Then he began fishing for the lost tooth. It was slow work, but after a time he felt that he had hooked on to something. He pulled slowly and steadily, and, to Mr. Prout's bodily pain and mental pleasure, brought to light the missing plate and its attachments. The surgeon was Dr. W. T. Bull, son of Major Bull, of Newport.

The Irish Language.

In a paper recently read before the Statistical Society, Mr. Ravenstein states that the Celtic portion of the population of the British Isles makes a total of nearly 2,200,000 souls, of whom nearly one-half are Welsh. Further, we are told that in 1851 there were few Irish counties in which the old language had altogether died out, the localities in which Irish was then spoken makes a total area of nearly 10,000 square miles, with a population not far under 1,500,000, of whom 69.3 per cent. spoke Irish, while in 1871 the Irish area had sunk below 6,000 square miles, with a population under 600,000 of whom about 63 per cent., or considerable less than 400,000, spoke Irish only. Lastly, it appears that probably not 5,000 persons throughout Ireland were then able to read an Irish book, and as a single Irish newspaper was being published. This contrasts strongly with the Welsh, who print over thirty newspapers and periodicals of various kinds, while the Welsh in America have several flourishing newspapers and hold eisteddfods without number in the country of their adoption. We have no statistics of the Celtic element in North America, though it is well known to be considerable, but, so far as concerns the Irish portion of it, there would be no great error in supposing that the Irish language loses ground among the emigrants much faster than among those left behind in Ireland.—*The Athenæum.*

A Warm Reception.

Douglass Earts and Thomas Sweeney, two young men living three miles west of Danville, Ill., being in that town, filled their kegs full of whisky and started in a wagon for home. On their route they passed the house of Jacob Swindall, Jr., son of a well-to-do farmer. Earts had previously had some difficulty with young Swindall, and, after consultation with Sweeney, they concluded to attack Mr. Swindall's house. They prepared themselves each with a wagon single-tree, and Earts commenced at the front door, while Sweeney proceeded to the rear and began his attack. Mr. Swindall, to keep his children from being hurt, put them under the bed, and about that time the attacking party, having demolished all the windows, Earts bursted the front door open and attempted to enter, when Swindall shot him in the breast, and he died in a very few minutes. Word being sent to the city, an officer proceeded to the scene and arrested both Swindall and Sweeney. The next morning at the coroner's inquest Swindall was discharged, as it was clearly proven he acted in self-defence. Sweeney was committed to the county jail for trial.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Fashion Notes.

Red bonnets will continue to be worn this winter.

Ribbons are twilled this year instead of being of satin.

Both hats and cottage bonnets will continue in fashion.

Dotted net ruches will be substituted for lace this winter.

Silk beaver will be worn for elegant walking-hats this winter.

Baby belts of ribbon will continue in fashion throughout the winter.

Bronze beads will take the place of the rainbow beads of last year.

An immense variety of new tints in silk and velvet has been imported.

Frog green, copper green and North Pole blue are among the new tints.

Crackle velvet, looking like bits of porcelain, is to be used for trimmings.

A new kind of plush has alternate stripes of repped satin and uncut loops.

Velvet, with the ground of one color and the pile of another, is to be revived.

Sulphur is mixed with pink in some French costumes prepared for the autumn.

Faceted balls of jet, hollowed out until they are as light as down, are used for bordering bonnets.

The case of Worth against the Prince Murat for a bill of $1,300 will soon come up in the French courts.

Overdresses of colored muslin in scrolls and flowers are worn over dress of foulard for evening dress.

Long mantles are announced as the coming winter wrap for ladies who do not adopt the cloth street suits.

Stephanotis is mixed with orange flowers in some bridal wreaths. The fragrance is rather overpowering.

Long-napped plush in all the new shades is likely to be used for both the outer and inner trimmings of bonnets next season.

The crowns of bonnets will be either folded or laid smooth or puffed this winter, and one style will be as fashionable as the other.

Striped ribbons, and those of changeable twills, will replace those of satin next season. They will be wider than those worn last year.

Painted satin, to be used for trimming light dress-bonnets, has a ground of ivory, cream, dauphin-gray or old-gold, and figures of Indian design.

The silks called glace are old-fashioned changeable silks, no more, no less. This year some of them are plain, and some have satin stripes of solid color.

News and Notes for Women.

The Santa Fe (New Mexico) industrial school is about to graduate an Apache Indian girl as a teacher.

Rachael Yent worked at blacksmithing in Baltimore until her death, a short time ago. She was robustly handsome, but habitually smoked a clay pipe.

Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, the novelist, says that she has written constantly ever since she was fifteen years old. She is now at work on her sixtieth novel.

Mrs. Estelle Johnson, the wife of ex-Governor Charles P. Johnson, of Missouri, recently committed suicide at the family residence by taking arsenic. Grief over the death of a child had brought on mental derangement.

Julia Clarke, a San Francisco factory girl, was caught in a machine by her long hair. She seized a pair of shears and cut off her tresses so quickly that she was not drawn between the wheels and killed, as she otherwise would have been.

The painter Ingres says: "To give a true poise to the figure necessitates an upright carriage of the head and a smooth, firm step." To give this he recommends a long walk daily with a pitcher of water on the head. The hint is being acted upon by the lady pupils of an eminent French actor.

Gardening for Ladies.

It is quite refreshing to read such a da nty little story as this, told by Julia Coleman:

"I know a lady whose sensible doctor told her twenty years ago that she was bad gone with consumption and that her only chance for life was to be in the open air as much as possible. A perfect bower of paradise was her little yard. Was the soil poor? She enriched it. Were here varieties indifferent? She procured better. Nearly all the flowers were fragrant. Fifteen kinds of roses bloomed under her hands and a succession of flowers filled out the summer. One side of the yard was covered with grapes. Peaches, plums and raspberries were trained *en espalier*, and choice squashes ripened on the roofs of the outhouses.

"Tomatoes were trained to single poles and yielded luxuriantly, and ruby strawberries peeped out even from the bleaching grass. She herself was as fresh and vigorous as you could expect one to be whose half-decayed lungs had left her with insufficient vitality. But her life was saved and it has been a happiness to herself and a blessing to others."

She is right, too, when she says that more than half the credit for the ornamentation of our dooryards and homes is due to the ladies who push the men up to their duty.—*Woman at Work.*

One of John Phœnix's Stories.

Out in a certain Western fort, some time ago, the major conceived that artillery must be used effectively in fighting the Indians by dispensing with gun-carriages and fastening the cannon upon the backs of mules. So he explained his views to the commandant, and it was determined to try the experiment. A howitzer was selected and strapped upon an ambulance mule, with the muzzle pointing toward the tail. When they had secured the gun and loaded it with ball cartridge, they led the calm and steadfast mule out on the bluff and set up a target in the middle of the river to practice at. The rear of the mule was turned toward the target, and he was backed gently up to the edge of the bluff. The officers stood round in a semicircle, while the major went up and inserted a time fuse in the vent of the howitzer. When the fuse was ready, the major lit it and retired. In a minute or two the hitherto unruffled mule heard the fizzing back on his neck, and it made him uneasy. Hereached his head round to ascertain what was going on, and as he did so his body turned, and the howitzer began to sweep around the horizon. The mule at last became excited, and his curiosity became more and more intense. In a second or two he was standing with his four legs in a bunch, making six revolutions per minute, and the howitzer threatening sudden death to every man within half a mile. The commandant was observed to climb suddenly up a tree; officers were seen sliding over the bluff into the river, as if they didn't care at all about the high price of uniforms; the adjutant made good time toward the fort; a sergeant began to throw up breastworks with his bayonet; the major rolled over and groaned. In a moment or two there was a puff of smoke, and a dull thud, and the mule—oh, where was he! A solitary brute might have been seen turning successful back somersaults over the bluff, only to rest at anchor finally with his howitzer at the bottom of the river, while the ball went off toward the fort, hit the chimney in the major's quarters, rattling the adobe bricks down into the parlor, and frightening the major's wife into convulsions. They do not allude to it now, and no report of the result of the experiment was ever sent to the War Department.

An Eye on a Spree

An Alleghany physician, who, in way, is a great wag, tells a story of a north side gentleman who for years has suffered from periodical attacks of what in medical parlance is known as superorbital neuralgia. Quinine proved of no effect, and the sufferer was almost crazed with pain. A kind-hearted old lady living in the neighborhood of the patient informed him that if he would cut the affected nerve with a pair of scissors or a knife it would give him no further trouble. It so happens that the superorbital nerve is the one which controls the action of the eyelid, and when a man is in liquor this nerve becomes paralyzed, and it is this that gives a drunken person such a comical expression about the eyes. The neuralgia patient no sooner heard what he supposed the welcome news from the old lady than he repaired to a closet, and with a jack-knife parted in twain the offending nerve, and he now greets his friends with his right eye as sober as a Quaker in a quarterly meeting, and the left in a highly intoxicated condition.—*Pittsburgh (Pa.) Leader.*

Bearing Fruit.

Twenty-five years ago we went to the wedding reception of a charming and brilliant young woman from a New England State, just married to a young physician in a Western city. She had come from the best schools, and was the woman, of all others, who was looked at as a leader in the higher literary and artistic life of a prominent circle in the town. Seven years ago we again met that woman, now a matron of forty-five, in a Western university town, where her husband had finally landed as a professor of science in the college. We saw that the family were living in quiet and simple elegance on the small salary of a Western professor, with a house full of fine children, and no servant that we could discover.

At tea we ventured the question, "What has been the result of your studies and experience in the last twenty years? I have seen no book, or magazine article, or poem, over your name, as we expected." "I will show you my one book," she replied, leading the way to her kitchen. There she exhibited a most ingenious machine for washing the dishes of her table, which abolished the drudgery of this disagreeable end of housekeeping, and enabled a child with the help of two "lifts" from mother, to make a play of what would be the work of a servant.

Now, of course, not every cultivated schoolgirl has the inventive faculty to do what this woman had accomplished. But think what she has done! She has made it possible for every mother in America to save an hour a day for study, or work, in the upper side of life. She has made it not only a respectable, but an artistic employment to wash table dishes. She has made home duties and housekeeping more attractive to all her daughters, and taken one more step toward the abolition of the drudgery that has so crushed out the lives of a thousand generations of women since the days of mother Eve. We doubt if any book, even a new novel by George Eliot, or a new picture, a new statue like the warble of Gerster, or any splendid thing that may be done by a woman in America, would go so deep, touch on higher realms of life, or more justly entitle that cultivated Christian lady to the respect and admiration of the country.—*New England Journal of Education.*

Hysteria and Miraculous Cures.

Speaking of the case of a woman in Hoboken, N. J., who claims to have been miraculously cured of paralysis of the lower limbs, a New York paper says it "points directly to the hypothesis that the case was one of those interesting instances of hysterical palsy which delight the expert in nervous diseases but are a vexation and a puzzle to the general practitioner. Hysteria has been described as the dramatic artist of pathology, simulating all the diseases in the calendar. Watson tells of a case of gastric hemorrhage, treated by him in which the patient vomited incredible quantities of blood daily, but did not emaciate. She recovered spontaneously. Sir Charles Bell was deceived by a mock case of hip-joint disease, and did not discover his mistake until, while he was delivering a clinical lecture to his pupils on the limb, the young woman went off in a hysterical fit and spoiled the point of his discourse. Scores of young women, says an eminent medical authority, are annually treated for disease of the spine, and confined for months and years in a horizontal posture, when nothing whatever ails them but hysteria, and the supposed spinal disease is pure fiction. Dr. Bright tells of a case of hysterical palsy of the lower limbs, exactly similar to that of Mrs. Davin, of Hoboken, which he attended for nearly a year without benefit. The woman finally recovered spontaneously under the influence of a deep religious impression. The case of the poet Southey's mother is a classical one of the same kind. So interesting are the cases of hysterical catalepsy and ecstasy, coupled with strange trances, in which the spirit-world is revealed, that occasionally comes under the observation of medical men. A profound impression was created among physicians in Brooklyn and New York city, not long ago, by the wonderful story of a young girl subject to such trances in consequence of nervous shock and injury received when quite young. It is scarcely necessary to discuss at length the knotty questions of science raised by such cases, but it may be observed in passing, in the words of an eminent professor in the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, London, that the alleged miracle invariably disappears on close investigation, leaving behing a sad history of hysteria or a very unpleasant record of imposture."

Dining With His Dead Family.

A mysterious dinner party was given some short time ago, by an elderly gentleman, in the Hotel Demuth, at St. Petersburg. One morning the gentleman in question called upon Mr. Pintscher, the manager of the Demuth restaurant, and ordered a luxuriant repast for six, of which he, himself, made out the menu, selecting from the wine card the costliest vintages. He asked for an estimate of the dinner's cost, paid the amount of his bill in advance, and requested that everything should be prepared for the entertainment of his guests at seven o'clock precisely the same evening. At that hour he entered the room reserved for his banquet, and took his place at the head of the table. To the chief waiter's respectful inquiry, "whether he expected his friends to arrive soon, as the dinner was quite ready," he replied, "They are all here! Let the soup be served forthwith!" This express command the puzzled attendants then proceeded to help the absent guests to course after course, setting down full plates before the empty chairs and pouring out precious wines into the groups of glasses stationed before each untenanted place. The gentleman ate and drank copiously, now and anon clinking his glass against the masterless goblets ranged upon the table to his right and left. With the first round of champagne he arose and made a speech to his imaginary friends, from the tenor of which oration the waiters gathered that they had been engaged attending to personages long since defunct. When the gentleman had concluded his remarks he again went through the clinking formality, drained the contents of his glass, and, turning to Mr. Pintscher, chilled that amazed functionary's blood by the following ghastly testimony: "To-day I celebrate my joyful meeting with my beloved relatives—my dead wife, daughter and three sons, two of whom fell in the last campaign. Do not be afraid; I am not mad. It has done me a power of good to spend this happy hour or so with my family. You may look for me again on this day twelvemonth."

Heroes in Journalism.

Memphis presents a fresh example of the faithfulness of the journalist. The city is literally dead, there is positively nothing doing in the way of business, yet the papers appear as regularly as ever, and it has, of course, never occurred to the editors to suspend publication, and, like the merchants of the place, close their establishments. Certainly they go on at a loss, for all the sources of their profits are shut. The newspaper is ever the last to succumb. If its office burn down, it is out the next morning with "a full account of the conflagration." The fires which destroyed Chicago and Boston only scorched the newspapers, though their buildings were laid low. The war record of the Memphis *Avalanche* cannot be forgotten—how it carried its presses from point to point as the Union armies advanced, and printed its edition everywhere and anywhere, but always somewhere. The religion of the journalist is his trade. To him it is a sin to fly from his desk at the appearance of danger. Like the general at the head of his army, he would be forever disgraced in his own eyes if the enemy, coming in what shape it might, did not find him in command. The income of the Memphis editor stops, but his expenses do not. He fights for others and pays for the privilege. He urges courage. He is so little frightened by Yellow Jack that he takes him by the buttonhole and laughs with him. He tells his fellow citizens never to lose hope. He sifts out the truth from the wild stories flying about, and kills despair by showing how things could be a great deal worse than they are. He points gleefully to the future, and declares that Memphis must and will recover her old-time prosperity. Imagine, if you can, Memphis in this hour of its sore trial without its press. Think of the ravages of the dead visitor, unrecorded, with only the alarmed people to tell one another who still lived; with the whole world silent, with no word of encouragement to reach the public ear.—*Philadelphia Times.*

THE SIBERIAN PRISON PENS.

Vivid Recital of Terrible Scenes Witnessed in the Mines of Siberia—Prisoners Who Never See the Light of Day.

A correspondent of a Western paper, who not long since paid a visit to the mines in Siberia, furnishes a graphic account of the miserable state of the political and other prisoners confined in them. After a description of the trip to Tobolsk in company with a friend, and the difficulties encountered on the road, and also on arrival in obtaining the necessary permission from the officer in charge of the Cossacks stationed there, the correspondent tells of his descent into a towering mountain through a shaft similar to the pit of a volcano. From within, fearful and disgusting odors saluted the nostrils of the visitors, and on entering, dirty water dripping from the roof formed in rivulets, through which they walked. As they proceeded, the stench became still more unbearable, and the cold was so great that it was felt even through their heavy covering. After a walk of about ten minutes, a light was seen ahead, and soon a large iron grating was reached, which being opened by the guard stationed there, the party passed into what was found to be the dormitory of the prisoners, lighted by only one poor oil lamp. This hole, into which the rays of the sun or moon could never penetrate, was called an apartment, and in this dungeon the victims were obliged to remain after a hard day's work. The miasma rising from the half-rotted and soaking straw which formed the beds of the poor prisoners was deadening. Into the walls, from which dropped water, alcoves had been hollowed out, into which five of the convicts were placed, and each chained to a bar of iron fastened at the top of the cell. Thus were they allowed to pass the night, their bedclothing being allowed, and a bag of rotting straw their pillow. No chair nor table, no bench, no utensils of any kind were to be seen, but in cruel mockery the single light illumined an image of the Madonna in a gilt frame, as she looked down on the scene of misery before her.

Leaving the dormitory and passing through a long corridor, an enormous cave was reached, in the center of which stood a table and three benches. Several torches hung from the wall lent an uncertain light to the scene, which was dismal and gloomy beyond description. This was the mine itself, and the noise caused by the many pickaxes and hammers used by those at work was deafening. Scattered about were hundreds of ragged creatures, with rough, long beards, faces pale as death or of a sickly yellow hue, dragging heavy chains rattling as they moved. These poor prisoners all looked unhealthy, and all worked in silence; none spoke or talked or whistled, as is the custom among free workers. Many were barefooted, and the rags which covered them dripped with water, although it was so cold that icicles hung from their hair. The work never ceased, for if a convict attempted to stop, the rough cries of the guards drove him to new exertion. One of the prisoners was particularly noticeable, and was asked his name, but dared not answer. The guide informed the visitors that he was the Count Tarentoff, a well-known conspirator, and was known as No. 1. The poor fellow was in a piteous state, his breath came wheezing from his chest, and looked exhausted and weary of life. The sight was sickening, and as the party moved out the remark was made that Sunday must be a welcome day for the toiling prisoners. The reply was that Sunday was unknown in the mines; the sentence was for unremitting work, and the only rest would be the grave, for none who entered the mine ever left it alive. Two days in the year were excepted, at Easter, and on the birthday of the "glorious Emperor;" the remainder of the time, twelve hours a day, was allotted to work.

Curious Remedy for Deafness.

The deaf can hear by means of their teeth! The audiphone, an instrument invented by a Western man for alleviating the misery of deafness, is simply a sheet of vulcanized rubber, about 1-22 of an inch in thickness, set firmly in a handle of the same material. In the upper rim of this sheet are pierced some holes, through which passes a silken cord. This goes down on the inner side of the sheet, to the handle, through a slot in which it passes. By pulling this cord the sheet is sent over at any angle which the wearer may desire. Each person has to ascertain for himself what kind of a curve of the rubber sheet will enable him to hear best. Generally it is very slight—only about ten or twelve degrees—though apparently the deafer the person the greater the curve must be. When used, the person holding it simply touches the upper edge of the fan, or audiphone, against the teeth of the upper jaw. The voice of the speaker upon this causes the sheet of rubber, and communicates to it vibrations which are in turn imparted to the teeth, and then pass to the auditory nerve. With this operation the outer ear has nothing whatever to do; the delicate machinery through which sound passing from without makes an impression upon the auditory nerve is not used at all. The outer ear may be stopped up entirely, so far as it is possible to do it, and yet one hears distinctly the moment the audiphone is applied to the teeth. It is necessary to use the teeth of the upper jaw, for the reason that they are more nearly in contact with the auditory nerve; nor does it make much difference whether the teeth be one's own or artificial, so long as those are artificial teeth are tightly gilded, for when that is the case the vibration is imparted about as well as when they are natural teeth. The inventor is deaf himself. He happened one day to hold a watch between his teeth, and noticed that he could distinctly hear its ticking, though when he held it to his ear no sound was audible. This set him to thinking that possibly he might be able to invent some device by which the sounds of the human voice could be transmitted to the auditory nerve through the medium of a tube, just as the ticking of the watch had been.

A Miner's Luck.

A lettter from Carson City, Col., to the New York *Sun* gives this story: Mines of immense value are discovered daily all through this district. Seven miles from Silver Cliff is another mining town of the name of Rosita, which is growing almost as fast. It is an older settlement, but it has been brought into prominence only quite recently by the now famous Bassick mine. Bassick is an old sailor from Belfast, Me. Years ago he went to Australia, engaged there in mining, made a large fortune, squandered every cent of it, and returned to this country penniless, but with considerable experience in mining. He began the hard work of prospector, but had such poor luck for several years that even his credit with the grocers and provision dealers of Rosita gave out. His large family was on the verge of destitution when, a few months ago, he at last struck a lode of exceptionally high graded ore. To-day he is a millionaire, having sold out his mine to a party of New York capitalists for $350,000 cash and $1,000,000 in stock. The old Maine sailor is now "an independent gentleman." He wears good clothes and diamond studs; his children have been sent to Eastern schools, and he himself has been visiting in his native Maine. The only unpleasant reminder of his life of hardship is a humpback, acquired by a fall down a shaft some hundred feet deep.

Words of Wisdom.

The wounded heart heals, but the scar remains forever.

They who have true light in themselves seldom become satellites.

The smallest perfect achievement is nobler than the grandest failure.

Actions, looks, words, steps form the steps by which we may spell characters.

All things are admired either because they are new or because they are great.

Great things are not accomplished by idle dreams, but by years of patient study.

If misfortune hits you hard, hit something else hard; go into something with a will.

It is not what you have in your chest, but what you have in your heart, that makes you rich.

It is with our good intentions as with our days—to-morrow is but too often the hash of to-day.

In memory's mellowed light we behold not the thorns; we see only the beautiful flowers.

It is easy to pick holes in other people's work, but far more profitable to do better work yourself.

We cannot have fertilizing showers on the earth without a clouded heaven above. It is thus with our trials.

NEWS SUMMARY.

Eastern and Middle States.

At the Massachusetts Republican State Convention, held in Worcester, Alexander H. Bullock presided over the 1,175 delegates present. On an informal ballot for Governor John D. Long received 669 votes to 505 for Henry L. Pierce and 1 for Charles Devens; and Mr. Long was thereupon made the candidate of the convention by acclamation. Byron Weston was nominated for Lieutenant-Governor, and the other places on the ticket were filled by renomination of the present State officers. The platform adopted affirms the doctrines heretofore proclaimed and maintained that the United States is a Nation; that "our institutions rest upon the equality of all men before the law, and that a free ballot, uninfluenced by fraud, intimidation or force, and honestly counted, is the right of every qualified voter, and we demand that elections shall be free from all interference by unlawful bodies of armed men, and shall also be free from the interference of National or State militia forces, except when employed as a part of the *posse comitatus*;" denounces "the fierce partisan intolerance which prevents a free ballot, denies freedom of political opinion and action, and takes from any of the people the right to choose their homes and to control and enjoy the fruits of their labor;" condemns the Democratic members of Congress for their legislative course; is opposed to "repudiation in all its forms, either by a 'scaling' of debts or a debasement of the legal-tender circulation," and insists that the paper and the coin circulation of the country shall at all times be maintained at par with the gold standard of the commercial world; warmly commends President Hayes for his administration of public affairs; refers the temperance question to the Legislature and praises the administration of the State government for the past year.

The annual exhibition of the American Institute opened in New York the other day.

Seventeen hundred delegates were reported present in Worcester at the convention of the Butler wing of the Massachusetts Democrats. Ex-Congressman Tarbox presided. The following ticket was nominated: For Governor, B. F. Butler; Lieutenant-Governor, A. C. Woodworth; Secretary of State, M. T. Donahue; Attorney-General, W. F. Northend; Treasurer, D. N. Skillings; Auditor, D. J. King. The platform adopted ignores national issues entirely, and devotes itself to State affairs. It reaffirms "devotion to the time-honored principles of the Democratic party of the country;" recognizes the right of the majority to rule; asserts that the coming election is for State officers alone, and deprecates the discussion in this campaign of national issues as tending to create divisions between men of different parties who are in entire accord upon all questions at issue which affect State affairs; demands rigid economy in all State and municipal affairs; insists that the State government be administered by officers provided for by the Constitution; demands such wise legislation in regard to permitting corporate bodies to appropriate private property as will place the considerations of the public good over those of private interest; opposes all unnecessary or unequal taxation, and any system of convict labor which competes with free labor; calls for simple and uniform registration laws, and denounces the "so-called Civil Dan age law" as mischievous, unjust and dangerous.

Nearly one hundred thousand visitors were present in Hartford to witness the ceremonies connected with Flag Day—the conveyance of the State's old battle flags from the State arsenal to the new Capitol. There was a procession of 10,000 veterans, and the buildings along the route were handsomely decorated. General Hawley delivered the colors to the Governor, and the exercises closed with a collation to the veterans.

On the day after Butler's nomination for Governor at Worcester, by a vote of the Massachusetts Democrats, another convention was held there in his interests—this time of Republicans who desired his election. About as many delegates were present as on the preceding day, and Albert Palmer presided. General Butler was nominated for Governor without opposition, and the whole of the State ticket chosen the day before by the Butler Democrats was adopted. The platform adopted is unalterably opposed to the rule of the Ring which has fastened itself upon the Commonwealth;" demands reform in the State government, and that the rights of labor be respected; denounces the intimidation of voters in every form; opposes the creation of commissions to perform the duties of the Executive; opposes the system of double taxation; demands that all moneys due to soldiers and sailors be kept; asserts that "the way to the ballot-box should be direct, easy, unimpeded and secure from espionage," and commends General Butler as one who would fill the office of governor with "complete success."

At a tenement-house fire in Boston, a few days ago, Christian Preiffer, age twenty-eight, Rose Preiffer, age four, Mrs. Holdried, age forty-five, and Mrs. Gillespie, age sixty, were burned to death; Ferdinand Morroth, age thirty, and Rose Morroth, his niece, were killed by jumping from a window, and four other inmates of the house were more or less seriously injured.

Daniel Drew, the well-known financier and railroad speculator, died suddenly at his home in New York, the other day, in his eighty-third year. Mr. Drew, from a small beginning, built up an immense steamboat interest on the Hudson river, then engaged heavily in financial transactions in Wall street, and at one time was one of the wealthiest men in the city. Finally, however, he lost immense sums and ended in bankruptcy. During his prosperous days he founded and endowed with $250,000 the Drew Methodist Seminary at Madison, N. J. At one time his fortune was estimated at between fifteen and thirty million dollars.

Francisco Porcello, the discharged Italian workman who murdered the foreman of a New York confectionery factory by stabbing him to the heart as he was going home from work, has been allowed to plead guilty of murder in the second degree, and been sentenced to imprisonment for life.

The official vote of Maine for Governor, with the exception of twenty small towns and plantations, which will not materially affect the total vote, gives Davis, Republican, 67,970; Smith, Greenbacker, 47,030, and Garcelon, Democrat, 21,181. Davis failing to get a majority over all, the election for Governor will be carried to the Legislature, which is said to stand about as follows: Senate—Republicans, 19; Opposition, 12. House—Republicans, 90; Opposition, 60.

Four colored men and one white man were publicly whipped in Newcastle, Del., a few days ago, for larceny.

Western and Southern States.

Charles Glass was hanged at Cario, Ill., for the murder of Carter Newman, last March. Both were colored, and the motive of the crime was jealousy. Glass met his fate coldly and refused to talk.

The Wisconsin Deaf and Dumb Institute at Delevan has been burned to the ground, causing a loss of $100,000. The school year had just commenced and there were 147 children in attendance, but no one was injured.

President Hayes attended the reunion of the Twenty-third Ohio, his old regiment, at Youngstown, O., and he and General Sherman made speeches.

Official returns from Humboldt county, California, show that Berry (Democrat) is elected to represent the Third Congressional district.

Berry Russell, president of the New Orleans Bank of Lafayette, now in liquidation, has been arrested, charged with embezzling $13,000 of the bank's money, and sent to jail.

The present peanut crop in Virginia is said to be the best ever raised in the State.

James C. Jenkins, a prominent lawyer and politician of Milwaukee, has been nominated for Governor of Wisconsin, on the Democratic ticket, in place of Alexander Mitchell, who declined. He has accepted the nomination.

The Colorado Republicans, at their State convention in Denver, nominated William E. Beck for Judge of the Supreme Court.

The Indians have been murdering and depredating in Southern New Mexico. A dispatch received from Captain Hooker at Ojaciente says he had a five hours fight with 100 Indians. The whites had ten killed and several wounded and lost all their horses. Upon application of Governor Wallace, of New Mexico, to the War Department, the commandant of the arsenal at Fort Union, New Mexico, was directed to issue as many arms and as much ammunition to Governor Wallace as he may call for, not to exceed 300 rifles and 1,000,000 cartridges.

After an absence abroad of two years and four months, General Grant, wife and party arrived in San Francisco from Japan, and were received with firing of guns, ringing of bells and a procession of military and civic organizations. Upon landing Mayor Bryant delivered a speech of welcome and extended the freedom of the city and the hospitalities. General Grant replied briefly, and was then driven toward his quarters at the Palace Hotel, near which, under an arch forty feet high, wreathed with flags, flowers and evergreens, he reviewed the procession as it filed past. All along the route the windows were illuminated, bonfires lit up the street corners, colored fires blazed in front of many of the houses, and electric lights, rockets and Roman candles added to the illumination, while innumerable flags and banners waved from the housetops and windows. Arrived at the hotel, the party were welcomed by a chorus of 500 voices and a shouting crowd. The party will remain on the Pacific slope some time, visiting the Yosemite valley, mining regions and other attractions. During General Grant's trip abroad he has visited England, Switzerland, Italy, Egypt, Jaffa, the Holy Land, Turkey, France, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Russia, Poland, Austria, Germany, Ireland, India, China and Japan, about in the order mentioned.

During a recent raid from Canada into the United States Sitting Bull fought a duel, killing and scalping his opponent, a Crow Indian.

From Washington.

The full text of Secretary Evarts' letter of instruction to the diplomatic officers of the United States in the various countries from which Mormon emigrants come to this country has just been made public. After reciting the fact that polygamy is contrary to the laws of the United States and that the ranks of the Mormons are mainly filled from foreign countries, the letter continues: "No friendly power will, of course, knowingly lend its aid, even indirectly, to attempts made within its borders against the laws and government of a country wherewith it is at peace, with established terms of amity and reciprocal relations of treaty between them; while, even were there no question involved of open and penal infraction of the laws of the land, every consideration of comity should prevail to prevent the territory of a friendly State from becoming a resort or refuge for the crowds of misguided men and women whose offence against morality and decency would be intolerable in the land from whence they come." The letter concludes by directing our diplomatic officers to call the attention of the governments to the countries in which they reside to the matter, and to request those governments to take steps to prevent Mormon agents from organizing companies of Mormon converts and sending them to this country.

The Secretary of the Treasury has issued a circular stating that gold coin beyond the needs of the government has accumulated in the Treasury, and directing the United States Treasurer and assistant treasurers at New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans and San Francisco to pay out gold coin as well as silver coin and notes upon the current obligations of the government.

Foreign News.

The military correspondent of the London *Times* writes from India: "It is difficult, in the face of the overwhelming evidences to the contrary, to believe that Yakub Khan took no honorable part in the recent shameful deeds at Cabul. It is significant that Major Cavagnari's principal native assistant is believed to have died a short time before the outbreak under somewhat suspicious circumstances. Being an Afghan and well acquainted with the workings of an Oriental court, his presence in the British Residency was dangerous to those who were plotting the outbreak."

A dispatch from Simla, India, adds that Yakub Khan has written another letter, expressing his deep grief and distress at recent events. He says he has confidence in the British government, and announces his intention to punish the offenders.

Bernhardt Cotta, the eminent German geologist, is dead.

Evan Morris, of Pittsburgh, was defeated in a boat race at Halifax, N. S., by Warren Smith, of that place.

The American Institute of Mining Engineers met in annual convention at Montreal.

John Taylor, Jr., town clerk of Brockville, Ont., has absconded with $4,000 belonging the town.

There is a gold fever in Nova Scotia. In Queens county fine specimens continue to be found near the surface. The prospectus of a gold mining company, with a capital of $200,000, has been issued.

A dispatch from Cape Town, South Africa, reports the capture of Cetywayo, king of the Zulus. Some days before his capture Cetywayo disbanded his followers and secreted himself in the bush. The British, under Col. Barrow, pursued him from kraal to kraal, burning the kraals as Cetywayo and a few followers fled before them. The capture was made by surrounding him in the bush with a detachm nt of troops and threatening to shoot him if he refused to surrender at once. He was alone and made no resistence.

Two French editors have just fought a duel. Both were slightly wounded.

Cetywayo was utterly prostrated when captured by the English troops, and had with him only twenty-two followers, five of whom were afterward shot while attempting to escape. Six Zulus succeeded in escaping.

Mr. Thomas C. Scott, the well-known English agricultural authority, says that the British government's and the trade estimates show that the surplus wheat in the United States and in the East is 505,000 quarters less than the aggregate deficiency of the various countries and a rise in the price of breadstuffs is therefore anticipated.

In consequence of the bad harvest and numerous floods the distress in parts of Hungary threatens to become appalling during the coming winter. The Tenos Basad district is threatened with famine, and some of the inhabitants are preparing to emigrate to Servia.

Lord Beaconsfield has been making a speech to English farmers in which he represented that nearly all the chief farmers in the extreme Western States were emigrating to Canada.

There has been a bloody outbreak of Afghan regiments at Herat, Afghanistan. The troops revolted and murdered the civil and military authorities.

A London correspondent reports that Count Ledochowski, ex-Archbishop of Posen, has been condemned to a fine of 2,000 marks or seventy days' imprisonment for excommunicating a priest who had obeyed the Falk laws.

Emperor William of Germany met with a cold reception during a recent visit to Strasburg, in Alsace. Many of the shops were closed and a multitude of houses closed their shutters. Only the official buildings were profusely decorated. The German-speaking inhabitants turned the bulk of the crowd in the streets, though the French-speaking element in Strasburg